

"HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS"—YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS.

P L U M T R E S
HOME POTTED MEATS.
 Excellent Quality.
 ...
 Delicious Flavour.
 Highly Nutritious
 Can be had from most Grocers, or send 7d. or 1/6 for Sample Jar and name of Local Agent in your district, to **PLUM TREES, RAILWAY STREET, SOUTHPORT.**

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

**TO INTEREST,
 TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

SMOKE
 THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
 SWEETENED TOBACCO,
 KNOWN ALL OVER THE
 WORLD.
 MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
 AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
 AND
 Retailed by all first-class
 Tobacconists at Home and
 Abroad.

No. 494.]

TRANSMISSION AT
 BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6, 1900.

ENTERED AT
 STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A CHIEF OFFICER AND

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

**"USED IT FOR FOUR YEARS IN
 HIS NIGHT WATCHES."**

Mr. T. SMITH, ss. "New Londoner," Newcastle:

"Noticing that many gentlemen are testifying to the sterling quality of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, I think it only fair to you that I should add my humble praise. I may state that I am chief officer on a passenger steamer, and have had fifty years' experience of sea life. I have used your Vi-Cocoa for four years in my night watches, and felt immediately refreshed and invigorated for the rest of the watch.

"Make any use you please of this."

Thousands of people have tried Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa with the most satisfactory results. Those who have not done so should write at once to 60, 61 and 62 Bunhill Row, London, E.C., for a free dainty sample tin, which will be forwarded by return of post.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.



They are simply delicious, and of any flavour—Almond, Vanilla, Raspberry, Peach, Strawberry, Chocolate, Lemon, and Nectarine. There are three packets in a box. Each packet makes a delicious pudding in five minutes. A child can make them.

Trade Mark "Try it."

Sold Everywhere.



YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Has the Largest Sale of full-weight 1lb. Tablets in the World, and proved itself to be one of the best Soaps ever used.

BIG PRIZE SCHEME FOR MARCH, 1900. 10,000 Handsome PRIZES, Value £5,667 6s.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Cash Prize of £50	£50 0 0	500 Ladies' Gun-metal Watches, value 10/- each	£500 0 0
10 Pianos, value £40 each	£400 0 0	500 Gents' Gun-Metal Watches, value 10/- each	£500 0 0
20 American Organs, value £20 each	£400 0 0	500 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 7/6 each	£112 10 0
20 Ladies' Bicycles, value £10 each	£200 0 0	500 Cash Prizes of 5/- each	£125 0 0
50 Jones' Sewing Machines, value £5 each	£250 0 0	500 Boxes of Games (comprising 8 games), value 5/- each	£125 0 0
50 Sellers' Labour-saving Washers, with Rubber Wringer complete, value £3 each	£150 0 0	649 Ladies' Leather Handbags, value 4/- each	£129 16 0
50 Gents' Gold-filled Waltham Lever (Keyless) Watches, value £2 10/- each	£125 0 0	1,500 Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4/- each	£900 0 0
50 Cash Prizes of £2 each	£100 0 0		
50 Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, value 30/- each	£450 0 0		
300 Cash Prizes of £1 each	£300 0 0		
700 Gents' Umbrellas, value 15/- each	£525 0 0		
700 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 15/- each	£525 0 0		
300 Silver-plated Cruets, value 10/- each	£180 0 0		
		10,000	£5,667 6 0

NOTE.—We have had Five Prize Competitions, and in three of them everybody secured a Prize; therefore do not be afraid to send in your Wrappers, however small your collection.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Bar of WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of same. Have the WRAPPER (consisting of two Wrappers, will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., WHITEHALL ROAD WORKS, LONDON, not later than MARCH 31st, 1900. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "Prize Competition." A list giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employees of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD. will be eligible. All prizes will be despatched about the 30th day of the month following the Competition.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

is full weight 1-lb. Tablets. To be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.
SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS. Read the conditions carefully.

Re Typewriters

After you have finished experimenting with so-called cheap Writing Machines, come, as do all men of good judgment, to

The BEST and
MOST RELIABLE
Machine on the Market.

No. 4 YOST.

It is a marvel of Mechanical Genius,
It is constructed of First-class Materials only,
It will last a life-time, and
It will do more practical work with greater ease than any inferior typewriter, which only attracts consideration by its low price.

Catalogues Post Free. Machines sent on Seven Days' Free Trial.
THE YOST TYPEWRITER CO. LTD., 50 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

THE JOHN NOBLE 10/6 COSTUMES

Promptly sent by Parcels Post direct from the Manufacturers to the Wearers at a lower price than is usually charged for the making only. The Finest Value in the World.

Model 1800.
Our latest Triumph is produced in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Costing. Has American revers, fitting Back, & loose

10/6 front. Fastens with barrel buttons, but may be worn open or closed. Skirt the latest full shape, and the complete Costume is only 10/6. Postage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6. Carriage 5d. extra.

Measure in inches: Bust 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Length 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Special sizes made to measure for 1/6 extra.

These Costumes are made in two var, durable Cloths: The John Noble Cheviot Serge and the John Noble Costume Costing.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE

with copy of the New 81-page Illustrated Costume, Dress, Mantle, &c., Catalogue.

A Full Dress Length of either Cloth (6yd. 52in. wide), for 7/6; carriage 8d.

Any length cut at 1/3 per yard.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Electric, Grey, Fawn, Sage, & Purple.

WINTER DRESS FABRICS.

A large Box of Patterns sent post free on approval to any address.

LADIES' OWN DESIGNS

made up in any material.

THE ANNUAL SALE.

Illustrated List will be issued in a few days. Write for it.

£1 REMNANT BUNDLES, worth 4s. These bundles are marvelous value. They contain many useful remnants, including one good Dress Length. Buy one and be satisfied. Carriage, 1s. extra.

Bankers: London City & Midland Bank Ltd.

Please mention Pearson's Weekly when ordering, and send direct to

JOHN NOBLE Ltd., BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER.

ERILEPTIC

IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

PERMANENT CURE.

EXTRACT FROM A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

I.e. G.M. SANDERSON, Huddersfield, Jan. 25th, 1899. "I write to say how greatly the patient has benefited by taking your remedy; the effect has been some thing wonderful, and for a long time now he has been free from attacks."

Jump 1/6 containing full Testimonials and Particulars post free on application to

TRENCH'S REMEDIES Ltd.,
33 South Frederick Street,
DUBLIN.

TRENCH'S Remedy

ORGAN-TONE ACCORDIONS

Exceptional Value for Cash or Easy Terms.

4/- PER MONTH.

11/- CARRIAGE PAID.

CATALOGUE FREE.

DOUGLAS & CO.,
7 SOUTH STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

FITS CURED.

From the first dose of Osarone the cure. It has cured, permanently, the very worst cases of Epilepsy which every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Send for a free sample bottle and test. Write to Dept. X. I. W. Bishop, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25 High Street, London.

KLAUS'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

SOLD EVERYWHERE in 1d. Packets and upwards.

Factory: LE LOOLE, SWITZERLAND.

Sole Agent (Trade only): G. YENNARD SMITH.

Offices and Showrooms: 48 & 44 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

TO INVENTORS.

Inventions Patented and Trade Marks Registered in all countries. Handbook, "How to Patent an Invention," and advice, post free. ROGERS & YOUNG, Regd. Patent Agents (Est. 1859), 2 Coleman Street, London. Inventors assisted.

ROBINSON & CLEVER

BELFAST, And 104, 106 & 170, Regent Street, London, W.

Fish Mappins, 251 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 40 per doz. Table Cloths, 1/2 doz. 3/6, 1/2 doz. 4/6, 1/2 doz. 5/6, 1/2 doz. 6/6, 1/2 doz. 7/6, 1/2 doz. 8/6, 1/2 doz. 9/6, 1/2 doz. 10/6, 1/2 doz. 11/6, 1/2 doz. 12/6, 1/2 doz. 13/6, 1/2 doz. 14/6, 1/2 doz. 15/6, 1/2 doz. 16/6, 1/2 doz. 17/6, 1/2 doz. 18/6, 1/2 doz. 19/6, 1/2 doz. 20/6, 1/2 doz. 21/6, 1/2 doz. 22/6, 1/2 doz. 23/6, 1/2 doz. 24/6, 1/2 doz. 25/6, 1/2 doz. 26/6, 1/2 doz. 27/6, 1/2 doz. 28/6, 1/2 doz. 29/6, 1/2 doz. 30/6, 1/2 doz. 31/6, 1/2 doz. 32/6, 1/2 doz. 33/6, 1/2 doz. 34/6, 1/2 doz. 35/6, 1/2 doz. 36/6, 1/2 doz. 37/6, 1/2 doz. 38/6, 1/2 doz. 39/6, 1/2 doz. 40/6, 1/2 doz. 41/6, 1/2 doz. 42/6, 1/2 doz. 43/6, 1/2 doz. 44/6, 1/2 doz. 45/6, 1/2 doz. 46/6, 1/2 doz. 47/6, 1/2 doz. 48/6, 1/2 doz. 49/6, 1/2 doz. 50/6, 1/2 doz. 51/6, 1/2 doz. 52/6, 1/2 doz. 53/6, 1/2 doz. 54/6, 1/2 doz. 55/6, 1/2 doz. 56/6, 1/2 doz. 57/6, 1/2 doz. 58/6, 1/2 doz. 59/6, 1/2 doz. 60/6, 1/2 doz. 61/6, 1/2 doz. 62/6, 1/2 doz. 63/6, 1/2 doz. 64/6, 1/2 doz. 65/6, 1/2 doz. 66/6, 1/2 doz. 67/6, 1/2 doz. 68/6, 1/2 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See that you get *PASTIMES* every Wednesday. The series of football articles entitled "The Toughest Time I Ever Had," contributed by famous footballers, is creating quite a sensation.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle him or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 railway insurance, and the £100 Cycling and Football insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Dec. 29th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, Jan. 6th, 1900. For full particulars see page 450.

No. 494.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EATES.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

Packing Off the Boy.

A WOMAN entered the police court the other day, leading a boy about twelve years old by the hand, and as soon as she could get the magistrate's attention she said:

"Your worship, this boy will have to be sent to the reformatory school."

"Is he a bad boy?"

"He is. I can do nothing with him."

"Does he run out at night?"

"Well, I can't say as to that, but he calls me names, refuses to mind me, and has several times broken my windows."

"And you want him sent to the reformatory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he your only son?"

"Oh, no, sir. He's the son of one of my neighbours, and I've been waiting two whole weeks to catch him." The boy didn't go where she wanted him to.

A Hurry Call.

A HEAD adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that filled the beard inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below. "Please come to No. 414 High Street, as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street," and the window came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the foldin'-bed an' we can't get em out."

"HERE's my latest picture, 'The Battle.' I tell you war's a terrible thing."

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as it's painted."

GENTLEMAN (indignantly): "When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them."

Dog Dealer: "Well, ain't that splendid for the rats."

MAGISTRATE: "The assault you have committed on your poor wife is a most brutal one. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

Prisoner: "If you do, your honour, it will break up our honeymoon."

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller, to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defence was making a very lengthy cross-examination of an old lady, when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark: "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."

HER THEORY.—Mrs. Mild: "You seem to differ from the usual idea about coddling a man to win his consent. According to your theory, scolding is the best medium for winning satisfactory results."

Mrs. Wild: "That, my dear, is in accord with one of the laws of Nature. Everything has got to be blown up before it will come down."

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The Bravest Battle.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

SMITH: "Did you know there were ptomaines in mince pies?"

Jones: "No; but I knew there was everything else."

"We have never employed a professional humourist before, and we cannot engage you until we know something of your past. Can you give us a reference on this point?"

"Certainly, sir. I refer you to my auntie."

"Your auntie?"

"Yes, sir, my antecedents."

"That'll do. You're engaged."

Shell Dodging as an Art.

FREQUENT mention is made in the dispatches of war correspondents of "shell-dodging," and the average reader is at first at a loss to understand the precise meaning of the words, until their constant repetition leads one to believe that probably it is possible to see shells in their aerial flight and consequently the soldiers are able to dodge them.

P.W. recently had an interview with a sergeant-major of the artillery on the matter, and learnt from him the true meaning of the words. In all his long experience, and he took a somewhat prominent part in the Khartoum battle of last summer twelvemonths, he said he had only seen three or four shells actually in the air and they came from the gun he himself fired.

He explained that there are a few guns with a somewhat slow muzzle velocity, and the men firing these can sometimes catch a glimpse of the shells in their flight; but it would be impossible for any man to see a shot coming towards himself.

Dodging shells is done by getting under cover immediately before a gun is actually fired.

"For instance," said the sergeant-major, "if I were climbing a hill, at the top of which a gun was directed against me, I could tell exactly when a shell was likely to come bounding along. Before the order is given to fire the men in charge of the piece 'stand clear,' and that is the warning note, so to speak. Keep your weather eye on the gun directed against you, and when the gunners stand clear you dodge the shot."

"I've dodged many a shell," said the sergeant-major, "and I'd forfeit twelve months' pay to be dodging 'em in Africa now. If I'd known this business was likely to come off I shouldn't have left my company, who are at the front now, lucky dogs."

IF YOU WERE LORD ROBERTS HOW WOULD YOU RUN THE WAR?

Every man with a mind of his own, and who can use his brains, has, before now, formed some individual opinion of the way in which the Boer campaign should be carried out—what particular regiments should be in certain places, what number of guns should be with each of the three divisions, how the lines of communication ought to be guarded, what routes should be taken, and how past mistakes can be avoided.

All this, and much more, you have probably thought about, and it is to give you an opportunity of turning your theories to good account that the Editor of *P.W.* offers a cheque for £10 to the writer of what he considers to be the most sensible article on the subject.

Attempts should not exceed 500 words, and should be clearly written, on one side of the paper only, and forwarded in envelopes, marked *War Opinion*, to arrive not later than Monday, January 15th, 1900.

The Wrong Bird.

A CERTAIN conjuror once had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen by which the egg had been laid. This little arrangement he had left to his confederate to carry out.

He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag in which it had previously been placed, but what was his consternation on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity, and set up as vigorous a crowing as if he had just awakened from his nocturnal slumbers.

The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjuror made a "bolt" for his dressing-room.

JUDGE: "Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?"
Prisoner: "It was silver, sor. The guilt was all me own, yer anner!"

HE: "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

She (encouragingly): "Well, my friend, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighbourhood."

"Was the dear girl happily married?" asked the friend.

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss McGabble; "it was one of the happiest weddings I ever saw. I never saw so few duplicates among the presents of cut glass and silverware."

"YOUR worship," said the counsel, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that everyone wants to rob him. He won't even allow me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Praps he's not so mad, after all," murmured someone in court, in a judicial whisper.

SHE: "Tell me, John, would you rather pay the butcher's bill or pay for my new hat?"

He: "The butcher's bill."

She: "Well, here it is."

He: "What? Two pounds? Let me have the items."

She: "For meat two shillings, for my new hat the thirty-eight shillings the butcher lent me—making just two pounds."

"THAT'S FROM P.W.!"

THE SHIRKER.*

A SOLDIER STORY.

By BERTRAM A. MARRBURN.

"Look out, Georgie, and don't fall!"

Now it wouldn't have mattered to us who this little boy Georgie was, if it wasn't that when he grew up to be a man he enlisted, and became a soldier in the service of the Queen.

Which only goes to show how curiously people come under our interest.

The boy was crossing Trafalgar Square during the busy rush of the day some nineteen years ago, followed by the little girl who had spoken, and they both carried flowers in their hands.

It was just such another foggy day as those we have been having lately, and the alimy mud was just as thick and sticky as it is in these days in that populous thoroughfare, only perhaps more so; and the prospect was not an over lovely one to a young Army captain like myself, who had just returned to London on leave of absence after having for five years been cooped up with a regiment at a distant station in Rajpootana.

I had then no near friends in London to meet me at the station and give me welcome home, or if I had they didn't come; so, having sent my luggage on to a hotel, I had started out to walk along the streets in the hope that I might run across some familiar face, no matter how meagre our acquaintance, to whom I could tell I had just returned to town, and could grasp by the hand for a moment to relieve my heartsick loneliness. But my quest had been an unsuccessful one, and crossing Trafalgar Square just behind these children, the "Look out, Georgie, and don't fall!" were the first distinct words I had heard amid all the noise and bustle of the streets in my lonely walk, and so attracted my attention first to the little boy who had been warned, and then to the little girl who had spoken them.

A glance showed me they were flower children, and when they stopped for a moment on the kerb to join hands before going towards Westminster, I saw how pinched and thin they looked. It made me feel sad to see them so—at home, and white children, too! I thought what a treat it would be for them to have a real good meal—one such as they had never had before; and it wasn't but a moment after this I had broached the matter, and the children and I were tramping away as merrily as you please for an eating-house where they would be admitted, I almost as happy as they for having shaken off my dreary loneliness.

I have said I was a young man in those days—I am not an old man now—and I certainly was not unromantic.

We found a place, I forget the name of it now, and our spread was a veritable feast; I might almost say it rose to the dignity of a banquet (we had a private room), for I rose and offered a toast, much to the children's amazement, and little Georgie and I drank to Mamie—that was the little girl's name—on our feet, while she remained sitting, just after we had all drunk once round to the Queen.

They were brave little hearts, and we had a real merry time of it.

I began to question them on what they hoped to be when they grew up—I did not inquire into their pasts. I feared I should lose the romance in a common tale of hard shifts and squalour that would take the happy edge off our evening, so listened to and encouraged them with a dreamer's romantic notions of what they might rise to.

Georgie caught my heart, for he said he was going to be a soldier, and Mamie said she thought when she grew up she'd have to look after him, but quite concurred in, and seemed rather proud, too, that he should be a soldier.

When I told them I was a captain in the Army their eyes grew round and large, and their little mouths framed unuttered "Oh's!" of wonder and admiration.

We'd had a capital time, and before we parted I put a half-crown into each of their hands, and then kissed them good-bye.

When I got outside I found darkness had fallen, and as I strolled to my hotel I paid no heed to the pleasure seekers that jostled and elbowed me, but all the way reflected on the two little mites I had just left, and the strange devotion displayed by them for one another for children, and especially the care of the little girl for the little boy.

They were not brother and sister as I had first supposed, but both waifs housed under the same roof, and apparently of one age, about seven.

The next morning, taken up with discharging commissions for my brother officers in London, I forgot all about them, and for years afterwards, in the busy rush of this life, which even does not stop at soldiers' barracks, I never had reason to recall them, or my first dreary day at home, made pleasant by their company and laughter.

About six years ago, having now got my regiment, I was stationed near the north-west Indian frontier. The Afridis had been troublesome for some time, and when things began to look serious I was ordered up.

Now, if there was anything I hated—and I believe many other officers are with me—it was, when preparations began to go forward for a coming campaign, to have any man in my command show the least disposition to shirk his duty, and attempt by excuses to get out of proceeding with the regiment on the service assigned to it.

I am glad to say this does not often happen; in fact, it is often the other way about, the men it is found necessary to leave behind inventing all manner of excuses and dodges to show why they should be taken along. But sometimes men in married quarters, urged by their women folk, try it on, and I was always very severe with them, for the honour of a regiment is not a thing to be trifled with.

The commonest and flimsiest subterfuge employed by

these would-be shirkers just before a campaign is to get on the sick list, and try and have themselves pronounced "unfit for active service," and I was known to take a pretty stern view of such defaulters, and the regimental doctor as well as the men knew this.

So in this instance, acting upon my orders, the doctor came to me to report all such cases.

"There is only one flagrant case, sir, that I have to report," he said the evening after our orders came, "and it is a most peculiar one. The man, George Redding, has a most enviable record. He hasn't been in the regiment more than a year, but even in that short time, by sheer merit, has risen to a first corporalship. His captain speaks in the highest terms of him, and is utterly at loss to understand his present conduct. Though never in active service, the man has shown himself on one or two occasions here in barracks to be no coward; yet he now swears he is ill, and I can find absolutely nothing the matter with him."

My first inclination was to have the man up before me instantly, but considering a moment, I asked the doctor to see if he couldn't get at the bottom of the cause by making some inquiries among the man's comrades.

The next evening the doctor came to my quarters, and told me he had found out the reason.

"It seems the man has been saving up every bit of his pay since he entered the service," he said, "and has sent it home to bring his sweetheart out; and now he's expecting her almost any day."

This was all very nice for the man, but Her Majesty's Government does not support an army for its soldiers to wait for their sweethearts to come out when there is fighting to be done, and when the man George Redding came before me I told him so, and in no gentle terms; and I ordered him to prepare to go with his company at once, or I'd have him reduced to the ranks in short order, and then make him go anyway.

He saluted submissively, and I asked the doctor to keep an eye upon him, and see that he went.

We were nearly a month in camp up north before anything happened, and then came hurry-up orders to move to the front at once, as fighting on my line might begin at any moment.

This was not a mistaken conjecture, for presently advices came that the enemy would in all probability move on me the next day, and I was to meet him; also word that a detail from the medical corps that was to work in our rear, with a number of newly-arrived nurses from home, were coming up, and they were to draw rations from my quartermaster and be subject to my orders, I being chief in command at my station.

The next morning, early, the doctors and nurses not yet having arrived, I moved forward without waiting for them, leaving a detachment to take care of the camp and look after them when they came. I found the Afridis pretty solid in my front. They fought massed together, much as these natives always do, though the day was not worth much mention, except for one incident that for the next few days gave me something to think about other than the work of fighting that I had immediately in hand.

As the companies moved forward, I stood watching my orders being carried out from a little knoll not far behind the columns, when I noticed when the line was what appeared to be still fully twenty yards beyond the range of the enemy's guns, a man wearing a non-commissioned officer's stripes fall in the ranks as though he had been hit, and then crawl on his hands and knees out of the way of the companies marching behind.

There was just the possibility of my estimate of the distance being wrong, and I should possibly have put it down to that if shortly afterwards something had not occurred which might well have startled me if I had not kept back nearly two companies for reserves, and knew I had them at my immediate call.

The something was a single puff of smoke on my right, to the rear of the extreme flank at that end, and from an uncovered and entirely unexpected quarter. Following the slight puff came the echo of what, as I made it out, could only have been a single shot. I listened for some moments, but as no firing followed I still held my two companies in reserve, and sent the officer nearest me to investigate.

The officer by some chance happened to be the doctor, and when he returned he brought with him the soldier, John Redding, with a bullet in his shoulder. He said he had crawled where he was, out of the way, after he had been hit. I asked him to hand me his revolver, and after looking at it I ordered the doctor to look after him, and then to have him put under arrest.

I had found that the cartridge in one chamber of his revolver had been emptied.

The next day after some hard fighting the Afridis retired, scattering themselves among the hills so effectually that it would have been next to impossible to follow them. When I returned to camp I learnt that the medics and the nurses had arrived.

I then sent for the doctor, and asked him when he came to report whether he had examined the shoulder of the man I had ordered under arrest the day before.

He looked at me covertly, and replied that he had.

"What sort of bullet was it?" I asked.

"A pistol ball, sir," he replied.

I looked at him steadily for a moment, and he returned the gaze; and it was pretty plain that we both understood what was in each other's mind.

"The Afridis don't carry pistols," I said. "And if they did, their ball would hardly carry over 500 yards." Then I called my orderly.

When the man came in.

"My compliments to Captain Dyerson," I said, "and tell him I'd like to see him."

The orderly found Captain Dyerson just at the door, and he came in on the moment.

When the orderly withdrew I said:

"Dyerson, I noticed that a non-commissioned officer of your company was the first man to fall yesterday. Do you know who it was?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Captain; "it was Corporal John Redding. He crawled out of the way after he was hit, and, as I have just learnt, he is under arrest. I was coming to make inquiries when the orderly stopped me."

I saw the doctor had something more to say, so I told the Captain that he would receive his report in due course.

When we were alone again I turned to the doctor and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"The man's sweetheart has come out, sir," he answered.

"So!" I said.

"She was one of the nurses fresh from home that came up to-day with the medical detachment," he explained.

I sat silent a moment, and then:

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"Tending the man in the guard-house," he replied.

I got up on my feet in an instant, and told the doctor to lead me to the guard-house.

As we passed through the company streets I heard a word here and there that showed me (and one never knows how these things come out) that some of the men knew of George Redding's arrest, and were discussing it.

The guard-house was a rude shack that had been roughly built some weeks before, when it was learnt that we were to remain in camp there for some time, and was constructed on somewhat similar lines to my own headquarters, though not so extensive.

When we entered a young woman rose from the cot, where she apparently had been seated beside the prisoner, and by the dim light shed by a guttering candle I was able to see she was not uncomely.

"The Colonel has come to see the prisoner," the doctor said, by way of announcement.

The young woman placed a box for me to sit upon, and lit a couple of other candles. When she had done this she turned round and looked at me, and in a moment we both seemed to recognise each other, but for the world of me I couldn't place her, and a puzzled expression came into her eyes.

We neither made any comment, and as I sat I told the doctor he could instruct the guard to move off.

When the doctor returned I turned to the soldier, who had stood at attention ever since I came in, and said:

"You proved when you shot yourself that you weren't afraid of a bullet; but do you know the consequences you have brought upon yourself?"

He bowed his head.

"The penalty for showing cowardice, or deserting in the face of the enemy, is death," I said.

The young woman gulped.

"And, in addition to your crime," I continued, "by firing a shot in an uncovered quarter, you nearly disconcerted laid plans, which might have led to disastrous results."

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, and again bowed his head.

"Is that all you've got to say for yourself?" I asked.

The man remained silent, but the young woman, who had been looking at me all this time with that same puzzled expression, now stepped forward, and said:

"I know who you are now, sir; he did it for me." Then, looking down on the ground, she murmured softly: "That's Georgie, sir, and I'm—Mamie."

In a moment the foggy day nearly thirteen years before flashed upon me, and I lifted the little girl's face and looked into it. There were tears in her eyes, and, without giving me a chance to say a word, she burst forth:

"And we worked so hard, too, sir! We remembered what you'd told us we might rise to, and we struggled and fought all along, always keeping your words in mind. If Georgie did anything wrong, or peeped at us, I would always say: 'Remember what the Captain said, and we'd face things fresh again, sir, and we studied, and we saved, and we always remained true to ourselves, and—and now it's come to this!' and she sobbed softly for a moment.

"Georgie became a soldier, as he said he would," she then went on, "and I taught school for a while, and then trained to become a nurse so that I could come out to him. He saved up his pay and sent it to me to pay my passage; but when a call came at home for nurses, I knew if I could keep that, with what I'd earned, it would be enough for us to get married with, and I came as a Government nurse.

He did it for me, sir; he was only longing to see me, and he was afraid he might get killed before I came. If you'll let him off this time, he'll never do it again, sir; will you, Georgie?"

The young man burst out crying, and the doctor and I turned away.

After a moment, looking down at my boot: "It was a serious breach of discipline," I mumbled.

When we all calmed a bit, I turned to the doctor, who was unshamefully wiping his eyes, and asked, I think quietly:

"Does anyone besides yourself and me in the regiment know what the man is here for?"

"No one, sir," he replied.

The young man and woman looked at me breathlessly.

"Well," I said quietly, "I'll give you another chance."

They both wanted to fawn upon me, but I picked the young woman up from her knees, and, after kissing her I felt almost like a father to her, told Georgie that when he was well he could return to his company. The doctor and I then went out.

I am retired now. I got my bullet at Dargai, and it unfitted me for future service. But the other day, reading my paper at the club, I saw Georgie's real name, with a "sergeant" before it, among those of the killed in the gallant charge at Glencoe.

It was a soldier's death, but, through the tempest and passion of war, with the note of the bugle and the hoarse commands that will sometimes come in imagery to the old warhorse, there rises the vision of little Mamie; and I again picture the two little waifs as they trudged beside me on that dreary day nineteen years ago, and I picture her now—weeping and alone.

Poor little Mamie. God bless her!

How a BATTLE IS FOUGHT.

FACTS EVERYBODY OUGHT TO KNOW.

BRITISHERS are accustomed to regard the War Office as the most conservative of institutions, clinging to old methods, and loth to change; but this charge can certainly never be levied against the combatant branches, whose duty it is to "fight" the army in the field. It is not possible for civilians, who have not made a study of military matters, to realise the enormous changes in its methods, which the British Army has undergone since Waterloo, since the Crimea, and particularly since the Franco-Prussian War.

Tommy Atkins as he fought Napoleon, and as he is fighting General Joubert, is the same stamp of man, better educated, certainly, but still the same plucky, dogged, "nasty" fighter, most dangerous when most nearly beaten; but his style of fighting then and now are as different as chalk and cheese. At Waterloo he fought, now in squares, now shoulder to shoulder in companies, as thick as he could jam. He even fought in something after this fashion twenty years ago, in the last Boer war; hence the great mortality in the ranks. But now it is all "extended order."

What is "extended order"?

We are coming to this later on. First, let us deal with the Army Corps. An Army Corps consists of any number of men from 25,000 to 45,000, preferably the

for the firing line instantly order half companies to the front, and these march straight out and commence rapidly and silently to "extend" to single rank, that is to say, the half company, which is in two ranks, commences to open out, the rear rank men stepping up into the front rank. This opening out process is continued till each man is one, two, or four paces from his neighbours, according to orders.

Each column has been carrying out this extending movement until the

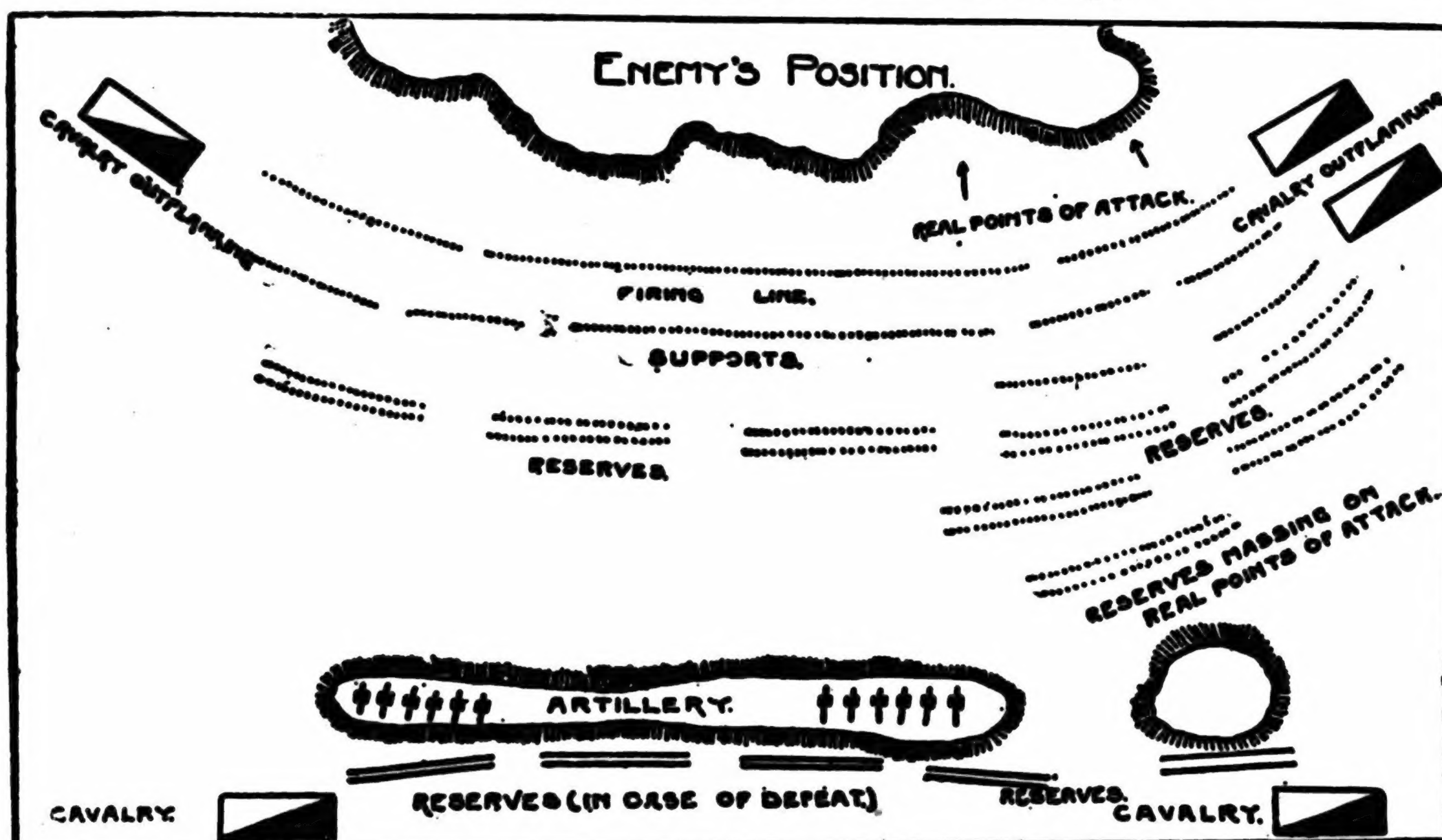
LONG, THIN RED LINE,

reaching a couple of miles or more, overlaps and covers the whole front of the army. This is "the firing line," it is in "extended order" and does the whole of the fighting.

All this work is done as much as possible out of effective rifle range of the enemy, that is to say, beyond 2,000 yards. When the line is complete, the men break into a faster step, and, with rifles on the left shoulder at the "slope," march to the attack. Two or three hundred yards behind, the remaining half-companies, in single rank, and also opened out, start in support, each dogging the footsteps of its other half-company in the firing line. These are the supports. Six or seven hundred yards behind these follow the firing line reserves, in closer formation.

The battle has now commenced in earnest, and the enemy's position is about to be attacked. It is a standing rule that to hold a position you require in the firing line three men for every yard it extends; to attack it, you want two at least, in the initial stages.

The firing line, to the tune of screaming shells, creeps silently on. There is no shouting of orders. Behind the half companies march the lieutenants. They blow whistles, make a sign, the sergeants repeat it, and the men move or halt accordingly.



This plan shows the positions of the attacking force when the battle begins.

former. It has "three arms," each in proper proportion—cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The latter are subdivided into divisions, these into brigades, brigades into battalions, battalions into companies, half-companies, and sections. Each unit has its commander, and in the fight it takes its orders only from him.

So far, there is little difference between an army now and in Waterloo time, but the change is shown as soon as it

MOVES OUT TO GIVE BATTLE.

The army marches to battle in parallel columns, each made up of so many regiments of infantry, with cavalry and guns, and each column times itself to reach the position at a given minute. That this is absolutely necessary was shown at Glencoe, when Commandant Meyer arrived with his Boer column ahead of his time, and was beaten before the others could come up.

At a given hour, the columns, each with a cloud of cavalry and infantry scattered before it, to draw any attack and prevent an ambush, arrive at the position. The guns then instantly take up points commanding the enemy, and open fire, and the main body of the cavalry push out right and left to cover the flanks and prepare to pursue in the event of victory.

The artillery in field work fire, as a rule, shrapnel—a shell charged with bullets, timed to explode at any required distance, and aimed ten feet over the enemy's head, so that in bursting the shell hurls a shower of bullets down, up, and forward. It is delicate work, and only highly trained gunners like the British can use shrapnel to the full effect. Supplementing these are howitzers, which throw charges of lyddite high so that they drop into the midst of the enemy's entrenchments.

Under cover of this hail of shell, which is screaming overhead, the columns form for attack. Half the infantry battalions are told off for the firing line, and the rest for the reserve. The colonels commanding the battalions

At eight hundred yards from the enemy, the whistles pipe.

"Volleys! Lying! Ready!" order the sergeants, and down flops each section at the word, and the men load.

"At the enemy in front—at eight hundred!" The sights are adjusted, and the men wait. "Present!" Up go the rifles. "Fire!" Crash! and a score and a half bullets go shrieking towards the enemy. Section after section all along the line is crashing out volleys. Then the whistles pipe again. "Cease fire!" order the sergeants. "Ad—vance!" The men rise up, swing their rifles on to their shoulders, and march steadily forward. At every thirty yards or so the whistles sound, and the volleys crash out; and then up and on.

"Advance by alternate half-companies!" is the order as the bullets begin to "zip" around, and men to pitch forward in their tracks.

"Pee-e-e-e-e-p!" go the whistles, and alternate sections of the long line flop down on their faces and crash down their volleys, while the others still push on, covered by their comrades' fire. At thirty yards they also drop down and commence firing, while the sections they have left behind trot steadily up through the gaps, and on, to take up a new position a few yards ahead.

Men are dropping fast now, but as quickly as they drop the supports send up men in twos and threes at a run to fill the gaps; and some of the reserves, too, are opening out so as to make as bad a target as possible for the enemy, and are coming, creeping up, line upon line, massing more thickly opposite the point of the position where the attack is to be pressed home. A few battalions are waiting far in the rear under cover, almost out of range, in case things go very wrong.

Shrapnel is bursting with deadly effect overhead, knocking out ghastly gaps, and the rifle fire is terrific; but still the firing line goes on in alternate rushes: 450, 400, 350 yards, then the whistles pipe, the line closes up into the gaps, and drops panting, parched, and sticky

with blood. There is no time to take breath. "Fix bayonets!" snap the sergeants, who crouch behind the sections; the officers, cool as on parade, walk up and down a yard or two to the rear, dropping cheery words among the younger soldiers, ignoring the kicking bullets which rip the grass at their feet. Tommy Atkins, wriggling on his stomach, drags his bayonet from the scabbard and jams it on the rifle muzzle. There are hot times coming.

"Magazine! Independent! With fixed sights!" is the order, and the magazine with its load of reserve cartridges, is turned on. "Commence!" and each man begins pumping bullets into any enemy he can see bobbing over the pits and trenches in front of him.

'Tis a hideous crackling and spluttering, and the Maxim guns of each battalion are not behindhand in joining in; but under cover of it all the supports are coming on at a trot and crowding down into the line, and behind them the reserves, till there is scarcely elbow room to raise a rifle. Bayonets are clicked on as the men come up, and the flight of shrapnel over their heads from the covering artillery is ceaseless and appalling. Suddenly their own artillery fire ceases. "Pee-e-e-e-e-p!" go the whistles. The officers draw their swords and revolvers, and run to the front.

"Advance! Double!" is the order. The line swings forward at a steady trot. Men go down in twos and threes; but nobody notices this now, and, besides, it leaves more room for those who are left to use the bayonet. Barbed wire entanglements stretched some eighteen inches high, add to the confusion, and men trip and sprawl in heaps—heaps which are quickly riddled by the enemy's riflemen.

Two hundred, one hundred, fifty yards.

"Charge!"

There is a yell from the thousands of throats. The line bounds along now, helter skelter; down come the bayonets. 'Tis a race to see who is first in. Men are shouting, laughing, cursing, stumbling, but all tearing on. Zip! The first foe has got it through the breast-bone. Thud! Another foe is wriggling on the blade. Over into the trenches! After them! They are giving way! The position is won!

This is the typical attack against white men of the British Army to-day. At Waterloo they fought in solid companies of double ranks. It didn't matter then, because a musket was not much good over a hundred yards. Now, Tommy Atkins opens out, and makes himself as thin a target as possible for the rifle fire which can lob in volleys into his lines with precision at a mile and a half.

A Full Description.

THE effect of red tape on the official mind seems to be experienced by all who are brought up under the influence of the "Circumlocution Office."

A Parisian has picked up the following particulars of a conversation which passed in an emigration office.

The father of a family presented himself and asked for tickets.

"How many are you?" asked the agent.

"Three—I, my wife, and my child."

"Good; your age, your profession?"

"Thirty years, carpenter; my wife, twenty-four, needle-woman."

"The boy?" asks the agent.

"Seven months."

"His profession?"

The father's eyebrows formed Gothic arches on his forehead.

"His profession, I say?" repeated the agent angrily;

"We have no time to lose."

The father reflected, and at last replied: "Bachelor!"

DOCTOR: "Put out your tongue."

Little Tommy: "No fear. I did that to the teacher yesterday, and got an awful hiding."

TOMMY: "Pa, is the baby crying because he hasn't any teeth?"

Father: "No, my son; he's crying because he's going to have some."

OLD LADY (in shocked tones, to youthful smoker): "Dear, dear! Wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you?"

Youthful Smoker: "I rather think he would! This is one of his best cigars."

"AND what did you find in your stocking at Christmas?" asked the coy young thing.

"Christmas?" murmured the young man. "Um—ah! I found my feet in them."

She poked him with a fan, and said he was such a joker there was no use talking to him.

But it was no joke. His feet were in his stockings, his stockings were in his shoes, and he had awakened with a headache Christmas morning.

In a wonderful flying machine, Mr. Griffith takes the readers of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE on a tour through space, with the moon as the first stopping-place. What is found on the moon is characteristically illustrated by Mr. Stanley L. Wood.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

4846. Is there any Reason for the Peculiar Position of the Shark's Mouth?

No doubt the shark's mouth is placed so much beneath the projecting muzzle, under which also the nostrils lie, that it may serve its proper purpose in the fittest and fullest way. In all authentic records of the habits of this voracious fish we are told that it can, and does, bite out large chunks of flesh from the dead bodies of whales, and even from living victims of its attack; and it is obvious that if its mouth was similar in its formation to those of other fishes, the necessary leverage would be lacking. A further reason seems to be that the shark by this peculiar position of its mouth is compelled to turn upon its back to strike, and is thus able to deliver its onset from below with more deadly effect. This formidable strength of jaw is backed up by a most terrible array of teeth, of which in some species there are as many as six rows all round. Each tooth is sharp-edged, serrated, and pointed, and some of the largest are triangular, and as much as two inches in breadth at their base. These lie flat against the jaws, and can be erected by separate muscles at will, so that, as the shark darts upon its prey, they spring on end, as a cat's claws are protruded from their sheaths. This arrangement will not allow anything once bolted to return, so that a shark's mouth with these advantages of position and armament is a veritable death-trap.

4848. To what Ancient Practice may the Custom of Drinking Healths be Traced?

The custom of drinking healths arose from religious ceremonials which date back to remote antiquity. Amongst many barbarous peoples it was the practice to offer food and wine to the spirits of the dead and to the gods. These offerings were propitiatory, the prevalent belief being that the unseen powers were malignant, and must be appeased. Some nations believed that their deities actually consumed the food thus offered. As civilisation spread, these gross ideas were modified, and at banquets held in honour of the dead, wine was quaffed to their memory. Amongst the Greeks and Romans it became the custom at these feasts to drink also to the living, while the practice of pouring libations to the gods before the banquets was maintained. This association of the festive and religious also prevailed amongst our Scandinavian and Teutonic ancestors, and probably amongst early Britons, so that we inherit the practice of health-drinking by direct descent. Associated with this was the habit of drinking to a guest, in proof that there was nothing deadly in the cup, and the calling upon some friend to protect the drinker from treachery while thus exposed to attack, whence the expression "to pledge a man"; and a "toast" takes its name from the piece of warm toast that was often put into a tankard, and still floats in the loving cup.

4849. Which is the Most Remarkable Proof in our History of "It is the Unforeseen that Happens"?

This epigram has received many confirmations in our history. Perhaps the most remarkable is that the plain, farmer-like man, who represented Cambridge in the Parliament of 1640, should become the virtual sovereign of England, and should rule more absolutely than the most despotic of our kings. Other striking examples are that King Henry VIII., who earned the title of "Defender of the Faith" by his zeal for the Papacy, should be the very man to cast off the Papal supremacy in England; that the petty tyranny of Archbishop Laud should have led to the foundation of the great American Republic; that the Long Parliament, after dethroning a king, should have been expelled by one of its own officers; and that an English factory, founded in Surat in 1612, should have grown into the Anglo-Indian Empire.

4851. Has a Nation ever been Rained by a Spider?

If we are to believe the story, a spider was the direct cause of most serious loss and injury to the Dutch nation, at the time of the attack upon Holland by France in the year 1794. A French prisoner at Utrecht, who had beguiled some of his long hours of captivity by studying the habits of spiders on the walls of his cell, was able by watching them to forecast the coming of rain or of frost. At a critical moment, when a sudden thaw raised the prospects of the Dutch, and seemed to destroy the prisoner's hope of rescue by his countrymen, his humble friends upon the wall gave him sure signs of a renewal of the frost. Upon this he contrived to send a message to assure the French generals that within a few days their troops would be able to pass over the frozen waters, a prediction that was soon fulfilled; and so it came to pass that a spider was responsible for the release of Quarter-Master Disjonval, and for the conquest of the Dutch.

4853. Has a Duke ever been Deprived of his Dignity merely because he was not Wealthy enough to Support the Position?

George Neville, son of the Earl of Northumberland, was created Duke of Bedford by Edward IV. It was that king's intention that he should marry his daughter, who afterwards became the Queen of Henry VII.; but, in 1471, the new duke's father took part in the Battle of Barnet, was attainted, and his estates became forfeited to the Crown. As a consequence, his son was left penniless. In 1477, the House of Lords petitioned Parliament to degrade the duke, and take his titles from him. It was alleged that he had lost his fortune by gambling and other infamous practices, and could not support the dignity and honour of the peerage. Edward IV. approved of the suggestion, and an Act was passed as required. The degraded duke went to France, and ended his life miserably. Anciently, a writ of summons might be emitted where the person summoned, or his heir, had no longer sufficient estate to support the dignity of a peer; but later on it was decided that only an Act of Parliament could deprive a peer of his dignity, even where he had no estate whatever; and a peer is unable to surrender his peerage to the Crown, or to alienate it to another. In another case, somewhat similar to that of George Neville, Robert Stafford, heir to the dukedom of Buckingham, was compelled to surrender the barony of Stafford "having no part of the inheritance of the said Lord Stafford, nor any other lands nor means whatsoever."

4855. How is it that Leaves of the "Compass Plant" of the Prairies always Point North and South?

This plant grows to a height of from 3ft. to 5ft. The leaves, which grow out from the stem, are from 1ft. to 2ft. long, and stand out like the arms of a semaphore, pointing north and south. Their position is vertical—that is to say, one side of the leaf faces east and the other west, instead of having one side presented to the sky and the other to the ground. When their peculiarity was first noticed by botanists and other scientists, it was suggested that there might be a large quantity of iron in the leaves, which caused them to act like magnets, or that the resin, which they contain in an unusual degree, caused them to be affected by electrical currents in the earth. But it is now admitted that the real cause of the position they assume is the action of light. Unlike nearly all other plants, the compass plant has leaves which are equally sensitive to light, and have an equal number of breathing pores, on either side. The leaves are, therefore, benefitted by being exposed to the sunlight as much on one side as on the other, and the only position in which this is possible is that which they take up, for if they grew horizontally, or vertically with one face to the south and one to the north, only one side would be exposed to the sun. It has been found by experiment that if the compass plant is grown in a box, and after a time this is turned half round, the radical leaves will struggle to get back to their old position. Hunters on the North American prairies called it from this habit, so constant and so useful to them, the compass plant.

4856. Is there Anywhere in this Country a Floating Church?

A church of this kind is to be found in the Fen Country. It belongs to the parish of Holme, in Huntingdonshire. In this parish the congregation is scattered over a very wide area, and, in order to enable the people to attend service more easily, a floating church was built some years ago, which is towed along the extensive canal system of the district, stopping at a different station on each Sunday of the month. The building is of deal, with oak joints, and is erected on a flat-bottomed lighter forty feet long. The interior of it is thirty feet long; the height, owing to the lowness of the canal bridges, is only seven feet. On this church, which is dedicated to St. Withburga, two flags are carried, the second being run up on the approach of the hour for service. Within are an altar, font, organ, and thirty-six chairs, with two benches for the choir, while a prayer-desk is used also as a lectern and pulpit. The congregation is often too large for the church. When this happens, those who cannot find room inside take up their position on the canal bank, and follow the service as well as they can through the windows. Another floating church on a much larger scale was built at the time of the "disruption" in Scotland in 1844, when the adherents of the Free Church were refused a site for their church by a landed proprietor. An iron vessel was constructed that would seat eight hundred people, and it was moored about a hundred yards from the beach near Loch Sunart on the west coast of Scotland.

4857. Why is a Policeman's "Beat" So Called?

Many different explanations have been suggested, but the "Historical English Dictionary" says that the origin of this phrase is obscure. One explanation is that it is connected with the phrase "beat the bounds," a beat thus becoming a well-defined region. Others suggest that it arose from the custom of the old watchmen of beating with their staffs on the pavement as they called the hours of the night. Professor Earle suggests a connection with the German "gebiet," a region or province. Analogous phrases may be cited such as "beating up and down," used of sporting dogs. Another attempt at derivation points out that the regular footfall of the policeman on the pavement is his "beat," a movement as regular as the "beat" of the heart. We may, however, probably conclude that in this, as in most matters, the simplest solution is the best, and that this beat is nothing more or less than a beaten track, a round or course that is frequently trodden by such public servants as policemen, letter-carriers, and the like. The word was used in its present sense as early as 1725, and it is actually incorporated in a legislative enactment of the reign of George IV.

4860. When did English Ladies Begin to Ride Side-Saddle?

It has been frequently asserted, by Stow and others, that the custom of riding side-saddle was introduced among ladies in England in 1388, by Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., but this is incorrect. There is still extant an English seal of Joanna de Stutewille belonging to the year 1227, in which that lady is represented seated sideways on horseback. And Fairholt, in his "Ancient Carriages," has shown that this method of riding was practised among Anglo-Saxon ladies in England long before. He gives a copy of a picture in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, in which a lady is represented riding on a side-saddle. It is quite possible that Anne of Bohemia was the first to make this method fashionable among ladies in this country, although it certainly was known here before her time. The custom may have arisen from the practice of ladies riding pillion-fashion behind men; or it may be that some lady of another land (as recorded in "Remains Concerning Britain, 1614") "first taught English women to ride on side-saddles, when, as heretofore, they rode astride." In any case, the fact is mentioned by another old historian, who says: "Likewise noble ladies used high heads and corsets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side-saddle on their horses."

QUESTIONS.

4881. Are there any spiders which may be said to fly?
4882. Is decrease of blood in the brain the cause of sleep or only the consequence of it?
4883. What is it that determines whether a sea beach should be sandy or shingly?
4884. Are there any seeds which bore their way into the ground?
4885. O which gem did the Government of this country spend the largest amount of money?
4886. Which is the most complicated arithmetical process yet performed by a calculating machine?
4887. In which country has the Jewish race most influence?
4888. Would it be possible for the fate of a modern power to be settled by a single battle?
4889. When did an English theatrical company first visit America?
4890. What remarkable prediction of one of the greatest military leaders of modern British history became literally fulfilled?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the reply is due. Payment will only be made for replies published. Articles on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid in remuneration for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"ANYTHING new in that play of *Maseppa*?"

"Yes. They tied the man on a motor-car, wound it up, and let it go."

MISS GAYLORD: "I hear there are to be several novelties at Miss Catchem's wedding."

Miss Altair: "One very pretty and practical one would be to make a contribution for the bridegroom."

MISTRESS (greatly scandalised): "Is it possible, Mary, you are making bread without having washed your hands?"

New Kitchen Girl: "Lor', what's the difference, mum! It's brown bread."

TEACHER: "Try to remember this: Milton, the poet was blind. Do you think you can remember it?"

Bobby Smart: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

Bobby Smart: "He was a poet."

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PEARSON'S is the popular magazine. You may know it by its beautiful cover. The greatest authors write for it. Rudyard Kipling contributes to the January number, now on sale.

WHAT JACK DOES ASHORE.

HOW HE SPENDS HIS MONEY AND HAS A GOOD TIME GENERALLY.

ALTHOUGH, happily, the days of crimps and harpies are practically over, yet Jack often finds surprisingly ready ways of paying out on land the careful savings of his three years or so commission afloat, an exception being, of course, marked in the many teetotal Tars now in the Navy.

Whilst distinguished for the same good nature so characteristic of the heroes manning England's old wooden walls, the brave fellows who form the crews of our ironclads have a distinctly different way in spending their "brass," the former's taproom hornpipes now being rarely, if at all, seen; the bluejacket, in sampling refreshments, as they are at present known, being more likely to be found before the bar of what he is pleased to describe as "a slap-up saloon."

Working when afloat, as only a British seaman knows how, Jack believes in having his leave ashore as hours of ease. On duty he'll gladly and sturdily tug at a field gun, even though it be a "four point seven" Long Tom silencer, but on holiday a cab is usually requisitioned for his kit-bag.

On being paid off, whatever balance is due Jack receives as full as possible in five pound "Admiralty" notes, numbered consecutively, and how easily transferable they are may be realised from the expenditure of a Tar who recently remarked that his "seven weeks' flutter on leave had meant just over £60."

Aboard, content with the daily tot of rum and the kettle of tea, which a grateful country cannot afford, Jack, when he pleases, displays a certain amount of thirst, one cheery fellow giving, as a quencher for three years of "salt horse at sea, thirty small bottles of beer and a few Scotchies from noon to midnight," whatever "bells" they might be in naval time.

What our seamen do not receive ashore is the sixpence a day in lieu of rations which Tommy is paid. Jack doesn't get a farthing by way of keeping himself on his own food instead of that from the Royal Victualing Yard, though on leave he must be "ready, aye, ready" to his country's call.

What is right in the way of consideration for the soldier should hold good in the case of the sailor. "England expects every man to do his duty," and every brave man afloat has a right to expect England to do its duty in giving an allowance in lieu of rations to men enjoying their all too short, and certainly hard-earned, holiday.

Although there are only three bluejackets on duty in London (and why could not a few find service at the Admiralty, Whitehall), yet naval seamen are often seen in the Metropolis, a fact in a great measure due to the tars both at Chatham and Sheerness, when on "liberty," preferring running up to London to spending their time in the old Kent ports.

From old representations of seamen in past days it would appear that tars were either puffing clouds of plug tobacco or turning the quid from one cheek to another. Now, however, certainly ashore, instead of Jack being noticeable for a pipe he is more likely to be seen toying with a fragrant cigarette, or a "fag" of some wonderfully named brand.

And, too, how the stage sailor has changed—the jiggling, baggy-bottom breeches (ever being hitched up) seaman has given place to a smart bare-chested fellow in blue, with rifle, bandolier, and leggings on, worn for marching ashore, and the sentiments expressed by the typical hero breathing of giving Tommy aid in the battle's storm.

Of Jack's life ashore, that on duty at home is spent in the naval barracks, such as at Whale Island, Sheerness, and other ports, where there may be seen what a magnificent fighting strength as a land force the country has in the same brave-hearted fellows by whose aid we are able to hold supremacy of the seas.

Although when on leave Jack is removed from the immediate restraints of ship's discipline, there could not be a better behaved subject. As a man the Tar recognises his little weaknesses to get away from his bearings, but who shall say, when at the end of each brave, fearless fellow's life's voyage, that although his body has gone under "his soul has gone aloft."

A WORD TO HUSBANDS. ARE YOU BOILED— OR ROASTED?

That is the only way to make some men go down—cook them! But then there's a knack in cooking, to have it done just right. There is a splendid little book called

"HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS,"

BY ELIZABETH STRONG WORTHINGTON.

It should be read by everyone. You will be amused, entertained. There are charming pictures in it by Lawson Wood. Prettily bound in cloth. On sale everywhere 1s., or we will send it by post on receipt of 1s. 2d.

G. Arthur Pearson Ltd.,
15 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Old, Old Game.

THIS time last year the mistletoe
Was hanging in the corner, here.
Quite true! But did I flirt with Flo
This time last year?

You, Phyllis, heard me call her "dear"?
Oh, surely not! And were it so,
I must have dreamed that you were near.

I'm absent-minded, don't you know?
But most inhumanly sincere!
And, pardon me, you had a beau
This time last year.

Besides, in twelve months fancies veer—
No, no; I mean, they don't! altho'
I wish yours did—I trust I'm clear.

The fact is, Phyllis—pray, don't go—
The fact is that we both appear
To have misused the mistletoe
This time last year.

Just to Remind Him.

A BLATANT sample of the loud-voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of man took his seat in a 'bus, and called to the conductor:

"Does this 'bus go all the way?"
"Yes, sir," responded the conductor politely.
"Does it go as far as Oxford Street?" I want to get out there."

"Ye-, sir," was the reply.
"Well, I want you to tell me when we get there. You'd better stick a stamp on your nose, or put a straw in your mouth, or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it."

"It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor courteously, "but if you will kindly pin your ears round your neck, I think I shall remember to tell you."

Every Man is a King.

THERE now remains only one people and one little valley south of the Equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power.

It is the valley of Marotse, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lialui, in South Africa, and the only reason why the Marotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and, therefore, the work of "civilisation" is at a standstill.

It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotse when the time comes, for they are a tall, well set-up race, very black in skin.

In manners they are very courteous, and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Marotse is by birthright a king, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. In fact, as everyone is king there is no head ruler.

The bare fact that he is a Marotse insures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect. All the labour is done by slaves who have been captured from neighbouring tribes.

How Kaffirs Bank Their Money.

THE natives of that part of South Africa which, to a great extent, is inhabited by Bushmen and Hottentots, have a peculiar system of banks and banking.

These Kaffirs, among whom this curious system of banking obtains, live near Kaffraria, in the south of the Colony country. The natives come down south from their country to trade in the several villages and towns in large numbers, stay with the Boers for a time, then return to Kaffraria.

Their banking facilities are very primitive, and consist entirely of banks of deposit alone, without banks of discount or issue, and they have no cheques. But still they enjoy banking privileges, such as they are.

From those who trade, of their own number, they select one, who for the occasion is to be their banker. He is converted into a bank of deposit by putting all the money of those whose bank he is into a bag, and then they sally forth to the stores to buy whatever they want.

When an article is purchased by any of those who are in this banking arrangement, the price of the article is taken by the banker from this deposit money-bag, counted several times, and then paid to the seller of the article, after which all the bank depositors cry out to the banker in the presence of the two witnesses selected:—

"You owe me so much!" This is then repeated by the witnesses. The general accounting comes between the banker and his several depositors when all desired purchases have been made, after which all the natives depart for their northern wilds.

THE LUCK OF FOOTBALL.

HOW IT HAS PLAYED TRICKS WITH UNFORTUNATE TEAMS.

PERHAPS in no other game does luck play so prominent a part as in football.

The records of games won and lost by remarkable flukes will reveal some extraordinary instances of this. There was one season of such persistent bad luck for a celebrated Rugby organisation that they were despairingly dubbed the All-Buts. Matches were lost by such irritating mishaps that it is a marvel the team ever got through the season.

Men rushed to the line and scored two inches short! Drop kicks that would have won important matches rebounded off the goal posts.

Men were carried off injured in every single match, and, to crown all, a batch of players succumbed to the wiles of the "broken-timers" up north, and left the club in the lurch.

A club in Devonshire once lost a match in a fashion little short of exasperating.

They wanted a try to win, and about four minutes before time a bunch of forwards rushed over the coveted line; one fell on the ball, when hey! presto! the oval shot from under the player's body and flew out of bounds. The point was disallowed, and the match lost.

A London Association team wanted a goal to equalise, and, just before the finish of the game, one of the outside forwards went down the wing with no one before him, and a beautiful goal seemed a "snap."

Just before he shot, however, a small toy terrier rushed out in front of him, snapping and snarling, and the player fell right over him, and the goal was lost. It is said that the terrier never reached home.

A funny case was that in which a player in a famous Welsh club was disabled and carried off the field. He lay just inside the ropes, being tended by the club trainer, and seemed to be in a woefully limp condition.

A few minutes afterwards, however, one of the opposing three-quarters got the ball, and, outdistancing his pursuers, he appeared likely to score behind the posts; but, as he neared the goal-line, the injured one suddenly rose up before him, and so unnerved him that he threw the ball away behind him, and the chance was lost.

The disabled player had acted under a sudden impulse, but he saved the game.

The technicalities of the Rugby game cannot be too closely studied. A team in the west of England lost a game through the indiscretion of their captain. Honours were even when a free kick was obtained right before the posts.

The captain took the kick, and being dissatisfied with the way it was placed for him he arranged the ball himself. The goal was scored, but disallowed, as the person trying for goal cannot place the ball himself.

Two teams, deadly rivals, were playing a deciding match in Lancashire, and in the first half of the game the weather was perfect, no wind and little sun. One, taking advantage of this, scored three times; but the other hoped to retrieve themselves in the second half.

Alas! for their hopes. "Lemon-sucking" was hardly over ere the rain came down in torrents, and the wind began to blow a perfect hurricane. All dreams of equalising were over, and the fickle British climate was anathematised with exceptional fervour by the losers' partisans.

Referees have often spoilt certain goals and tries by getting in the way of players; in fact, in a cup tie in Yorkshire the gentleman with the whistle actually obstructed the same player twice in one game, each time when he had a clear course. The referee pleaded innocent misfortune; but the crowd were not to be conciliated, and chased the unlucky one three miles across country.

"My father is smarter'n your father," said Wallie; "he writes poetry."

"Huh!" sneered Willie. "My father's twice as smart as your father; he doesn't."

"OUR new cook has gone already."

"What was the matter?"

"When she found we had a gas stove she left; she had burnt a ton of coal a fortnight in each of her former places, and she said she had to live up to her record."

PEARSON'S ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

You should read it regularly if you would be well informed of what our brave troops are doing in South Africa.

Splendid Pictures of War Scenes.

By Special Artists.

The True Story from Week to Week.

By Special Correspondents, and the Best Military Experts.

Order of your Newsagent TO-DAY.

"Garm—A Hostage" This is the strange title of Kipling's newest story, published in the January PEARSON'S. What does it mean? Read the story and you will understand—it is one of the finest short stories Kipling has ever written.

Pen Pictures from the Battlefield.

Roast Pig for Supper.

SERGEANT J. FREEMAN, of the 1st King's Royal Rifle, writing from Ladysmith, admits that they had a rough time, but continues:—"We often have cause for a little merriment. To-day the men of our battalion had some fun and excitement in chasing some pigs. They had belonged to a farmer around here, a Natal Boer, who had left his farm and gone over to the enemy. Our men caught sixteen of his pigs, and to-night they are cooking them and eating them by the wood fires. They sit around the fires, eating and telling tales amid jokes and roars of laughter. Just like the British, is it not?"

The Glorious Climax.

A STAR telegram from Capetown says: A friend just back from Belmont has described to me the charge of the Grenadiers at the glorious climax of the battle. They dashed to the foot of a practically impregnable kopje on the extreme right. Here was an exhibition of their marvellous grit. Without waiting for the artillery to finish its bombardment of the enemy, the Grenadiers threw themselves at the enemy. It was a glorious sight, and it astonished the Boers for the moment into silence. Then, with a yell, they poured a fearful fire into our men, who were grimly silent under the storm of shells screaming, bullets whistling, and forked lightning spitting and blazing from the summit. All this was seemingly ignored by the gallant Grenadiers, who scrambled up, as if by tooth and nail, keeping wonderful line. There was no hiding behind rocks, no charging by half companies, but one grand upward rush under hurtling shells. Then the enemy turned and fled, doubling up like wounded hares as our bullets found them. At last the pent-up emotions of five hours burst forth in one great hurrah! Comrades shook hands with comrades. The noises of war were lost for a time in laughter and the singing of "Soldiers of the Queen," and the field of battle was a sight for the gods.

War Correspondent's Introductory Letter.

It seems that Mr. Lynch, the captured correspondent, rode towards the Boer lines from Ladysmith contrary to orders. He was dressed in white flannel with white umbrella, his horse being partly coloured khaki. He carried a bottle of whisky as a letter of introduction. He has not since been heard of, neither has the whisky.

A Gallant "Galloper."

Do you know what a "galloper" is? No? Well, he is a messenger who takes orders from the Staff officers to the different divisions, sections and troops, when they are scattered on the battlefield. It is in this capacity that the Earl of Ava has been acting. He is the son of the Marquis of Dufferin, and a retired lieutenant of the 17th Lancers. When the war broke out, he, like a great many other retired Army men, longed for a chance to see what many of them term "the fun." Off he went to Ladysmith and persuaded his friend and former schoolfellow, Colonel Ian Hamilton, to attach him to the staff as a "galloper." He had no horse, but that did not deter him. He was a famous sprinter at college and in India, and though a man of thirty-five is less supple than an undergraduate, the Earl trained himself into very good form. On the day of Elandsbaaghe fame he went out with Colonel French's column, and, rifle in hand, "galloped" on foot with a very good will. His last instructions were to carry to the Gordons their order to advance, and though when he arrived he had hardly breath enough to give the order, he joined the gallant Highlanders in their advance, coming through the fire unscathed.

From the Front.

COAL is now selling for £6 per ton in Pietermaritzburg! Several coal ships from England, chartered by Government, are now on their way to the colony. Fresh meat, too, was becoming very scarce when the last mail left, though there are plentiful supplies of the frozen article imported from Australia. "A day or so after the battle of Dundee two of the Dublin Fusiliers encountered and captured two Boers on the veld. 'Who are you? What have you got? Fork out!' said Tommy. 'My dear fellow,' one of the Dutchmen replied, in a tone of injured remonstrance, 'you must not talk to me like that. I am a Field Cornet' (very important officials in their own estimation). 'I don't care whether you're a field—trumpet,' was Mr. Atkins' quick retort. 'Fork out!'"

The Militant Parson.

LIEUT. MAXWELL-SCOTT, writing to his father, Mr. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, from Ladysmith, describes how, at Rietfontein, some of the English soldiers were, by mistake, fired on by one of our own regiments, who were back behind the crest. "Our Church of England parson—a very good chap," adds the lieutenant, "who was up with the Maxim, went back and swore at them."

In their Teens.

A GREAT deal has been said lately of the ripe and un-ripe age of some of the Boers who are now opposing our forces in South Africa. At the same time, "Rhodesia" points out, there are several of our colonial fighting men now at the front who are not yet out of their teens. Amongst others, Trooper L. Davis, on the staff of the BULAWAYO CHRONICLE, has the distinction of being the youngest member of the E Squadron of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers, being only just seventeen years of age.

General Wauchope took the Hint.

IN connection with General Wauchope's devotion to his profession—he had been wounded four times, thrice severely, before going to South Africa—the following story is told: Shortly before he started for the Soudan last year, he met on a country road near Niddrie an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant, "Eh, laird, I hear ye're gaun aff tae the wars ance mair. When wull ye e'er get yer fill o' fechtin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on, "I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no fechtin', it's whusky!" The laird took the hint.

Death on the Battlefield.

DEATH on the battlefield does not always bear signs of great suffering. Mr. Simpson, in going over the battlefields of the Crimea, was particularly struck by the expressive attitude of the dead as they lay about in great numbers. This so impressed him that he made numerous sketches, and those who have seen these pictures will bear him out in his conclusion. Writing of the battle of Tchernaya he says: "Among the fallen at this battle was a young Russian officer scarcely out of his teens, and it was difficult to imagine that he was dead; for he lay on his back, his clear, blue-grey eyes, quite open, were looking up to heaven; a beautiful expression, a pleased smile, was on his lips."

"If the soul inspires the expression it was difficult to believe that the soul had fled. The only way I could explain the appearance he presented was by assuming that his death had been instantaneous. He had felt no touch of pain, no mortal agony, in his last breath. I still remember the strong sense of pity that came over me at the time for the fate of one so young; and I also thought of those dear to him, to whom he must have been dear. Often since then that beautiful face from the battlefield has come back to my memory." Of how many who have perished at Magersfontein, I wonder, will it be possible to say something of the same kind!

Shopping in Deserted Johannesburg.

A LETTER from a lady who stuck to Johannesburg after the general exodus says:

All the shops are closed and barricaded—on some of the barricades is the legend, "Come in, we are not closed." You then search for a crack in the boarding, and climb, crawl, or squeeze through with as many of your garments and other appurtenances as the nature of the crack or hole will allow of, then do your shopping by electric light, and depart red in the face and ashamed, as if you had been engaged in some nefarious enterprise.

Feeding Tommy in the Field.

NEARLY 500 officers and men are engaged at the Reserve Depot, Woolwich Dockyard, in sending out monthly consignments of food for no fewer than 105,000 men and 35,000 horses and mules in South Africa. The food and drink and the provender come in by the truck-load and the barge-load, and every bit of it has not only to be tested and examined, but has to be made up into what in many instances may be called compressed parcels—parcels within parcels, that is to say—and in many cases the packages have to be nicely adjusted to the carrying powers of mules.

"Lights Out." Roslin Castle and Privateer.

THE special correspondent of the ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE says: "My experiences of the first nights out from Las Palmas would, I think, have satisfied the proverbial sphinx for excitement. About 8.30 p.m. every light on board the Roslin Castle was turned out. There was no masthead light, no side lights, no stern light—not even a match was allowed to be struck. It transpired that an officer from Her Majesty's ship Niobe—which was anchored outside the harbour like a sentinel, and bossing the show generally—came on board just before the ship started, and informed the general officer commanding that a private cruiser had been in the harbour for the past fortnight, that very little could be discovered as to whom she belonged, and that she had coaled, and was about to leave the harbour at sundown. It must be borne in mind that the Roslin Castle was the leading ship conveying the troops of the Army Corps. What other instructions the Niobe's officer left I don't know, but as soon as the lights went out the good ship performed some snake-like manoeuvres. From a southerly course she went north-east, and

then due west, and kept at that for most part of the night, resuming the proper line some sixty miles from the beaten track. It was not till now that the Boer message which seemed so meaningless at the time about the 'loss that would stagger humanity' conveyed any impression to me. Perhaps this private cruiser was one chartered by Dr. Leyds, who seems very busy just now, and its errand was to torpedo the defenceless troopships one after another, and see that no one survived, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. It would be simplicity itself, and the cruiser could sink quietly away and never be discovered, for nothing could be proved. The total darkness game went on for three nights, and dinner was served by candle-light. You may have heard something of this mysterious vessel before this, and it would be of interest to know whether there was any truth in the matter, and to whom this cruiser actually belonged. That there was an armed vessel in harbour there was no possible manner of doubt."

"Snatcher" Under Fire.

"SNATCHER," a dog belonging to the Gloucestershires, was smuggled on board in a kit-bag at Calcutta. He was right up in the firing line at Rietfontein, where the Gloucesters lost so heavily, but came through without a scratch.

To Wave at Pretoria.

MR. LYDE, Head-Master of the Bolton Grammar School, and son-in-law of the late Colonel Gildea, commanding the Pretoria garrison in 1881, tells a strange story respecting the burial and recovery of the British flag after Majuba.

The flag buried, he says, was not that borne by General Colley's force, but was a Union Jack carried by the 9th Regiment, which was almost annihilated on going to strengthen Colonel Gildea's position.

A woman with that ill-fated regiment wrapped the flag round her body under her dress, and took it to Pretoria. This was the flag buried by the British residents on the outskirts of Pretoria. Colonel Gildea had it dug up, and brought it home with him on going to command at Dover, though the belief prevails that the flag still lies interred in African soil. Colonel Gildea died last year, and this flag remained in the possession of the family, and was hung over the mantelpiece. He often declared it would float at Pretoria again, and Mr. Campbell Gildea, of Glasgow, a son, has sent it with the colonel's old regiment, the 21st (now the Royal Scots Fusiliers), to unfurl in the Transvaal capital. The story is only now made known.

Hard Lines for the Bride.

A RESERVIST was summoned in Hertfordshire to rejoin his regiment, but the summons came at the most interesting moment of his life. He was not only engaged to be married, but the banns had been "put up"; in fact, the parson had got as far as the "second time of asking," and the wedding bells were almost ringing. There was only the "third time of asking" last Sunday morning, and then—the young man was due next morning at Bedford to rejoin his regiment for the Cape. The couple were determined to be wed, and by an arrangement with the clergyman they succeeded in having the knot tautly tied immediately after the service.

War, Wine, and Beef.

It is curious how widely the effects of the war are felt. Who would have supposed, for example, that the war would tend to increase the cost of our Christmas beef on the one hand, and reduce the demand for wine on the other? As regards the price of beef, it seems that fewer foreign cattle are coming owing to the number of vessels removed from the service to be used for Government transport purposes. The decreased demand for wine is attributed in the trade to the postponement or abandonment of many county balls and other seasonable festivities owing to the war.

Dutch Uitlanders in Yorkshire.

STRANGE as it may seem, there is in England itself a compact Dutch colony 300 strong. Two years since these men were imported from Holland in connection with the peat industry at Thorne, in the West Riding. At first their arrival gave rise to some trouble, and extra police were necessitated, but they have since become naturalised, and now live on quite amicable terms with their English neighbours.

Bugler Sherlock's Example.

THE CHRONICLE publishes the following anecdote from Newmarket, Suffolk: A boy aged twelve disappeared from his home, leaving this note:

"Dear Mother and Father,—I am going to be a soldier and shoot Boers with a revolver, like the boy Sherlock did. Good-bye."

He repaired to Ely, and interviewed the colonel in command of the troops there, who quenched his ardour by providing him with the return fare to Newmarket, and a note to his father explaining matters.

CAPTURE OF AN ENGLISH CYCLIST IN A BOER RIDING SCHOOL.



A cyclist recently rode from Johannesburg to Pietermaritzburg. With a bicycle laden back and front with a prospector's tent, fly and hammock, two pairs of blankets, several changes of clothing, a change of boots, tinned meats, biscuits and bread, fruit, salt, and a map of South Africa, he proceeded on his dangerous journey. He took a snap-shot of a queer scene, a riding-school, where raw recruits were being jiggered into all positions, clinging desperately to horses' necks, here and there thrown to the ground. Then he found himself grabbed by five Boers, who took away the suspicious-looking instrument. After a conference, however, they released him, but kept his camera.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK: "It was very rude of you to yawn while we were making that call."
Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Well, good gracious! I had to open my mouth some time."

THE measure of a woman's devotion is the extent to which she will make herself uncomfortable for you; the measure of a man's is the effort he will make to have you as comfortable as he proposes to be himself.

CLARA: "No, I am afraid he isn't greatly smitten with me."

Nettie: "Why not? I am sure he was very careful to hold the umbrella over you so that not a drop of water should fall on you."

Clara: "That's just it. If he had been really smitten he would have been so agitated that I should have been lucky to escape a drenching."

"YOUR hair is falling off frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it keeps on."

"I'll be balder still if it doesn't keep on."

"WHAT an irritable woman Mrs. Topsy Turvy is. She is always in a temper of passion."

"True; but you forget she began life with a squall."

"GEORGE," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?"

"I can't exactly tell," replied her husband absent-mindedly; "I didn't keep any account of my expenses then."

MISS WINTERNO: "I have brought this book back. Mamma says it is not fit for me to read."

Librarian: "I think your mother must be mistaken."

Miss Winterno: "Oh, no, she isn't. I've read it all through."

RESULT OF SPELL-IT-FOR-ME COMPETITION NO. 17.

THERE were seventy-one correct competitors in this competition. The key is as follows:

(1) Held, deli; (2) lead, deal, dale, lade, Leda; (3) agone, Gonen, Omega; (4) sorel, lesser, roles, lores, orles, Lora; (5) alale, Elia, asial, alies, Elias, Elia, alale; (6) usace, usace, Ecanus; (7) Bodiam, baidam, ambled, Lambod, blamed, balmed; (8) create, corate, ecarte, ecarte; (9) meaneat, entameat, ranciat; (10) satires, araites, astork, arisat, raisat; (11) Gordian, adoring; (12) estrade, dearest, readent; (13) Tigranes, ingrates, granites, angriest, grainest; (14) esurient, retinues, rewties; (15) discreet, decriest, Deretis, discrete; (16) Corallo, Caerles, ericutes; (17) basaltine, balamites; (18) bastinado, abstained; (19) Essonites, essoinest; (20) Infraction, frontinac; (21) Schwarmerel; (22) Eclipsaroon; (23) Corymbated; (24) Salprunella; (25) vrakombance.

The name of the winner to be seen at the office.



Mason's Extract of Herbs.

SECOND LIST.

Begin at once.

GREAT SILHOUETTE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE: A MAGNIFICENT UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO.

SECOND PRIZE: A TEN POUND NOTE.

NEXT FIFTY PRIZES: FIFTY PEARSON'S STEREOSCOPES.

NEXT FIFTY PRIZES: FIFTY GOLD-PLATED PENCIL-CASES.

ASK YOUR
FRIENDS
TO
HELP YOU.

BELOW will be found ten silhouettes. They have been produced by filling in the sketches which embellish the announcements of the most important advertisers of the day. Readers of the publications issued from this office will be familiar with those published this week. The silhouettes will not, however, be confined to advertisements appearing in our own papers. Moreover, it is just possible that silhouettes of two advertisements of the same firm may appear. Altogether forty silhouettes will appear—ten a week for four weeks.

To the competitor who succeeds in most nearly correctly naming all of them we will give a magnificent **UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOFORTE**, manufactured by Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street, London, whose name and reputation are a guarantee as to its value.

To the competitor who is next most nearly correct we will present a cheque for £10.

To each of the next Fifty competitors who are most nearly correct we will send a Pearson's Stereoscope.

To each of the next Fifty competitors who are most nearly correct we will present a Gold-plated Pencil Case.

WHAT TO DO TO WIN A PRIZE.

1. Write under each silhouette the name of the advertisement. For example, the one beside the heading of this competition is "Mason's Extract of Herbs."
2. Write your name and address clearly in the space provided.
3. Keep each set by you as it is published, and then post the four sets to us. Don't post them before Saturday, January 20th, or after Friday, January 26th.
4. Readers may make any number of attempts; each set of four, however, must be fastened together separately.



11.



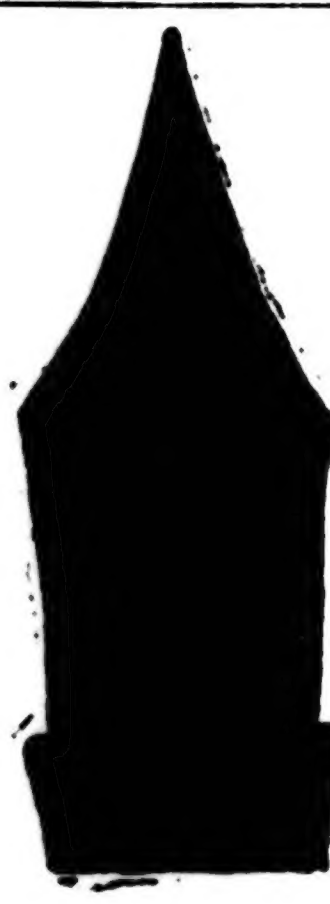
12.



13.



14.



15.



16.



17.



18.



19.



20.

Name.....

Address.....

Cut out this Coupon and keep it by you until January 20th, 1900.

NEW SERIAL STORY.



A ROMANCE OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.*

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Guilty Gold," "The Zone of Fire," "Caged," etc.

SUMMARY.

MAISIE SELLON, beloved of Walter Lynden, meets Homer Ferrars, company promoter, as she leaps from a train on the underground railway, complaining that she has been insulted by a fellow passenger. Ferrars recognises in the latter his brother, Powlett, a disgraced ex-naval officer, and enters the carriage under the pretext of giving him a place of his mind. He unfolds a scheme of treasure trove to Powlett, who is to have charge of the quest. Homer has formed a company to send out the *Sea-Hawk* to fish up a pair of golden gates and other treasures sunk in a Portuguese galleon off the island of Seluga. Powlett is to throw overboard rusty implements of ancient pattern, which the diver will find.

The public, informed of this discovery, will be gulled by this bait into the belief that the treasure is there, and will be easily swindled by the conspiring promoter.

General Sellon, Maisie's uncle, is sought after as a director by Homer, and joins the board on condition that Lynden is appointed chief mate of the *Sea-Hawk*, which sets sail seven days after the departure of the *Tiber* for Bombay with Maisie and her mother among the passengers.

Lena Ferrars, an attractive woman, accompanies her brother on board the *Sea-Hawk*.

CHAPTER IV.

OMINOUS FLOTSAM.

"So we reach the island where the old galleon was wrecked to-morrow, eh, Mr. Lynden?" said Lena Ferrars, motioning Walter, who had just come off watch, to take the vacant deck-chair at her side.

The chief officer pretended not to see the gesture, but answered with all due deference, halting on his way to his cabin to do so.

"So the captain gave me to understand when he pricked off the course at noon," he said. "The actual bearings of the place are known to no one else, you must remember, Miss Ferrars."

"Why don't you call me Lena, and why don't you sit down?" murmured the captain's sister with a swift upward glance that was instantly veiled by the drooping lids.

She had posed her graceful figure on seeing him descend from the bridge, and there were few men who would have been able to resist the twin invitations. But Walter Lynden held old-fashioned notions of fidelity to an absent sweetheart, and he adopted a rather clumsy compromise.

"You carry too many guns for me, Miss Lena, and I have had no tiffin yet," he laughed awkwardly, as he raised his cap and moved away. Homer Ferrars would have arched his eyebrows cynically could he have seen the passionate glance which Lena sent after the good-looking young officer as he passed along the deck. His prophecy that she would be able to amuse herself with one of the officers was at once verified and negatived.

Thanks largely to Walter Lynden's energy, the *Sea-Hawk* had sailed a week to the day after the *Tiber* had borne Maisie and her mother Eastward, and she was now plodding at a steady fourteen knots through the limpid waters of the Indian Ocean. Almost from the start Lena Ferrars had brought the full battery of her charms to bear upon Walter, in no way deterred by the obvious coolness existing between him and her brother, Powlett. No open breach had occurred between the two men, owing to the correct demeanour of the chief mate, who never forgot what was due to his captain's position; but he was often hard put to it to control his temper under the gibes and sneers of his superior.

This was made the harder for him by the partiality which Powlett Ferrars showed for the second mate, a stout, smooth-faced, smooth-tongued man named Laban Booth. Booth himself was always outwardly civil to Walter, but the latter found on several occasions that his subordinate had gone behind his back to contravene his orders, and on complaint being made to the captain the second mate's action had been upheld. When off duty Booth was often closeted with Powlett Ferrars in the captain's cabin, and this was the more remarkable as he was a man of imperfect education who had risen from before the mast.

Walter's failure to respond to her advances was the more galling to Lena because she had always backed him up and sympathised with him when Powlett had fallen foul of him in matters of duty. She had signified her displeasure at her brother's preference for the second mate by ignoring the existence of that oily individual; yet all the thanks she got from the object of her admiration was a frigid politeness that hurt her more than studied rudeness would have done. As usual with women of her type, in pining after the unattainable she had fanned what had originally been a passing fancy into a mad passion.

"I shall hate him soon if I cannot break him in," she muttered, as the chief officer's well-knit figure disappeared from view.

Walter went into his cabin, all unconscious of the storm which his constancy was calling up, and began to wash his hands preparatory to taking the solitary lunch which his spell on the bridge had entailed. The cabin was on deck, in the same structure as, but aft of, the captain's room and the chart-house, by which again it was separated from the state-room that had been specially furnished for Lena.

Over his bunk Walter had fixed a framed photograph of Maisie Sellon, and as he dried his hands he was fondly contemplating it, wondering how soon the triumphant steaming of the *Sea-Hawk* into Bombay harbour with the

recovered treasure would bring about a reunion. Suddenly the door was opened, and there stood Powlett Ferrars, eyeing him curiously. This was the first time during the voyage, so far as Walter knew, that the captain had been inside his cabin.

Ferrars made some remark about the course the ship was steering—a quite unnecessary remark, as Walter recognised afterwards—and then pointed abruptly to the photograph.

"That's Miss Sellon, niece of the old cove that got you this berth, isn't it?" he said rudely.

Walter flushed angrily at this free-and-easy mention of his friends, especially as he was puzzled to know how Powlett Ferrars could be acquainted with Maisie's identity, Homer Ferrars having in his own presence introduced his younger brother to General Sellon as a stranger. So he answered coldly in the affirmative, and gave his captain rather a longer up-and-down stare than was quite conformable to discipline.

A fierce gleam came into Powlett's eye, but he toned it down into an evil grin, for he wanted further information.

"Uncommon pretty little girl," he drawled, affecting to scrutinise the picture: "and you are to be congratulated as the happy swain, eh?"

There was a moment's silence in the cabin, during which the pulsing of the engines, and the thud of the screw were the only sounds that came on the sultry air; and then Captain Powlett Ferrars found that his first mate was not the mild-mannered young man whom he had hated for over a month. He made the discovery by the grip of Walter's hand on his collar, and by feeling himself wheeled round and gently but firmly marched outside the cabin.

"You will be good enough to leave my private affairs alone, sir, and you will also kindly send for me in future when you want to speak to me on a matter of duty," said Walter in his most respectful tone. "It is not usual for the commander of a vessel to intrude into his officer's cabins."

Ferrars swung himself free, and, speechless with rage, looked round as though to see if there were witnesses to his undignified exit from the cabin. There were only two to whom that part of the deck was visible. One was Laban Booth on the bridge; the other was Lena, who was still sitting in her deck chair. Walter's blood was up, and though he recognised that the consequences of laying hands on his captain might be serious, he was quite prepared to take them—even to the extent of being put in irons for mutiny. Maisie's name was sacred, and must be kept so from such lips as those of Powlett Ferrars.

But the second mate was gazing ahead through his binoculars, and Lena was listlessly turning the pages of her novel. For reasons best known to himself Ferrars did not desire an open quarrel with his chief officer till he had served his purpose, and as no one seemed to be aware of what had happened between them he contrived to curb his wrath.

"That's a funny way to receive congratulations," he sneered. "I never knew such a touchy chap as you, Mr. Lynden. That is the second time you have man-handled me, and you may thank your stars I'm good-natured, or you'd find yourself in queer street. I shouldn't advise you to try it a third time."

He sauntered off along the deck to where his sister was sitting, and it soon became apparent that he had a subtler method of retaliation.

Confident that Walter would not make a scene in the presence of a lady, he raised his voice as he addressed Lena with:

"I say, my sweet sister, you've been wasting your honey on Lynden. He's just been showing me the photograph of his sweetheart. She can give you about ten pounds and a bunting, as they say on the turf."

If the captain of the *Sea-Hawk* hoped to take a rise out of the stately woman who was really his best friend he must have been grievously disappointed. The heavy lids drooped a little lower over the fine eyes, perhaps; possibly the well-shaped fingers may have tightened their clutch on the page of the novel, but it was in perfectly modulated tones that Lena Ferrars answered the insult.

"You are very ridiculous, Powlett," she said slowly. "I am too glad to hear that Mr. Lynden is flesh and blood; I thought he was a sort of automatic, penny-in-the-slot sailor, devoid of all human feeling."

The captain laughed harshly, for his end was gained. He had made light of Walter's love affair, and, more than he expected he had made his audible gibe the vehicle for securing a further insult for the man he hated—an insult that could not be resented because uttered by a woman. He had only to look along the deck to where Walter still stood at his cabin door to see that the double shaft had struck home. The young man's face was as black as thunder, he made a half step forward, and it seemed as though Lena's presence would not avert a storm after all.

But the crisis passed, thanks to an interruption from the bridge. Laban Booth, who had never ceased to scan the horizon, suddenly lowered his glasses, and sang out:

"There's land ahead, Captain Ferrars—a point to starboard."

"That will be the Maldives then," cried Powlett, as he hastened to join the second mate. "I will work her inshore myself."

No private quarrel could prevail in face of such an announcement on a ship bound in quest of treasure, and Walter not only let the captain pass on his way to the bridge unmolested, but, though off duty, followed him up to render any assistance he could.

The excitement quickly spread to the crew, and the hot air hummed with talk of ingots and doubloons. Only Lena and the captain remained unmoved, the former not stirring from her book, the other conning the ship towards the land with a sardonic smile curling his cruel mouth.

Presently the coast-line became visible to the naked eye, looking like a fringe of densely-growing palm trees having their roots in the ocean, and broken at long intervals by blank spaces.

As the *Sea-Hawk* drew nearer it was seen that the coast-

line was not continuous, and that the blank spaces were the deep-water channels between the atolls or circles of coral forming the group.

Powlett Ferrars, upon whom his brother Homer had impressed the necessity of keeping up appearances by doing everything as though the treasure was a certain find, ran down to the chart-room, and after a few minutes' absence returned to the bridge.

"That large atoll on the port bow is Seluga," he said. "There should be an opening into the lagoon five miles from the eastern end. The old Portuguese tub was sunk inside the lagoon in ten fathoms, so we had best lay to for the night, and work through into the lagoon in the morning."

"Is the place inhabited, sir?" asked Laban Booth, who had taken the wheel from the quartermaster, and was slowly turning the spokes to gain the required direction.

"Oh, yes, there's a lot of niggers on all these reefs, but they're a tame, low-down breed, and won't give us any trouble," was the careless reply.

"It used to be rumoured on the boats of my old line that one of these atolls contained an island ruled by a chief with white blood in his veins," remarked Walter. "He was supposed to be the descendant of a pirate who sailed these seas in the last century, and married a native woman. The present ruler was said to be more or less civilised, though a regular tartar if anyone intruded into his atoll, which, if I remember, was believed to be one of the southernmost of the group."

"That don't affect us, then, as Seluga is to the north," said Powlett shortly.

"There is nothing in it anyway, sir, I expect. These cock-and-bull yarns are always kept handy to amuse the passengers on liners," was Laban Booth's way of agreeing with his captain and of casting a slur upon the chief mate.

As nothing was to be gained by argument, Walter accepted the snub in silence, and walked to the end of the bridge. He could afford to smile he told himself. If his berth was not a pleasant one, he was more than compensated by the one paramount fact that every day of the voyage brought him nearer to a meeting with Maisie.

So, while Walter Lynden was wondering impatiently how soon the treasure would be shipped, the *Sea-Hawk* sped towards the encircling reef of one of the largest atolls, and soon the fishing craft and huts of the natives were discernible on the low beach. He was levelling his glass on the narrow opening through which the ship would enter the lagoon on the morrow, when his gaze was arrested by an object in the sea right ahead of them. He took another look, and sang out:

"Boat adrift on the starboard bow. Seems to be stove in or water-logged."

Ferrars, after sweeping the sea with his glass, growled out an order to Booth, and the *Sea-Hawk's* head swung round half a point. The forty pairs of eyes watching from the steamer's bulwarks were left in no sort of doubt as to what the floating object to which Walter had called attention was. It was one of the largest boats of a big passenger-carrying "liner," painted white, and with the company's flag coloured on the bow.

On drawing nearer, Ferrars rang down a "stop" to the engine-room, and ordered out the dinghy.

"Something come to grief," he grumbled. "May as well see what's been messing about in these parts, so far from steamer tracks."

Walter, being off duty and not wanted on the bridge, jumped into the dinghy, and brought her alongside the drifting boat. She was half full of water, her oars and sails were gone, and there was a name on her stern which caused Walter Lynden's heart to fail within him.

"Well, what do you make of her?" shouted Powlett Ferrars from the bridge of the *Sea-Hawk*.

"She is one of the boats of the *Tiber*, sir—the mail steamer that sailed a week before us," replied Walter in a choking voice.

And through the mist of tears that gathered in his eyes he saw Powlett Ferrars grinning down at him.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE DIVER FOUND.

THE *Sea-Hawk* lay inside the lagoon of the Seluga atoll, exactly over the spot where from tradition and sundry lately-discovered ancient documents it was believed that the galleon had foundered two hundred and thirty years before. Powlett Ferrars had run the steamer in through the opening at dawn, and with his own hands had piloted her to the anchorage.

He had been as careful to pick out the place correctly as if he had been sure that the treasure lay beneath. In this he was actuated by two motives. First, a good deal had been published in the English magazines about the loss of the galleon, some of the articles being accompanied by diagrams which might be in the possession of members of the crew, enabling them to criticise his actions. Secondly, there was just the hundred to one chance that the golden gates and specie might be there after all.

This was a contingency of which the wily wire-puller at home had not lost sight, Homer's last words to his brother on the day of sailing having reference to it.

"Of course, if the stuff is there, there will be no need for any hanky-panky," he had said. "Just fish it up, and we'll make a *bona fide* job of the company."

"You mean you will have to be honest because you can't help yourself," had been the younger brother's sneering reply.

With the hundred to one chance in his mind, and not trusting Powlett further than he could see him, Homer had taken great pains in selecting his diver, and the task had been no easy one. He wanted a man who could be relied on to give an honest report of what he discovered at the bottom of the sea, above suspicion of "standing in" with Powlett in the event of a real find, and yet not sharp enough to suspect the bogus source of what he would find there. In short, Homer Ferrars wanted his diver to be an

honest fool, and he had every reason to believe that he had got him.

Mark Telfer—such was the diver's name—came out of the captain's cabin with a vacuous smile on his face, and there was the sound of a muttered oath within as he shut the door. During the voyage out he had been regarded as a sort of clown, shipped for the purpose of amusing the crew; but this morning a new interest centred in him. In place of being a butt for the witticisms of the crew, and the producer of cheap repartees, he was the man who would first be able to answer the question "to be or not to be," with regard to the treasure. A cluster of seamen was waiting for the latest news, through the engine hatch protruded the grimy faces of anxious firemen.

"You've been making the skipper swear, Mark; what was that about?" said one of the men tentatively.

"Told him if I didn't find the golden gates first go-off I wouldn't draw my pay, and it worried him, he being a very generous man," replied Mark gravely, as he passed along the deck followed by an admiring crowd.

"Stow that, and tell us when you're going down," said another.

"In ten minutes, if you'll give me a chance to speak to the first mate and get into my dress," was the answer which secured him immunity from further pestering.

The diver made his way to the foot of the stairs leading to the bridge, on which Walter was pacing listlessly to and fro. Since the discovery of the *Tiber's* water-logged and abandoned boat the day before, he had lost all heart for the matter in hand, and had no thought but for the catastrophe which had only too probably overwhelmed the ship in which his sweetheart had sailed. The mere fact of the huge steamer's boat being found so far south of her true course augured that something had gone very wrong with her.

The uncertainty was the hardest to bear, and the knowledge that the uncertainty must continue till the *Sea-Hawk's* mission, as he understood it, was either accomplished or proved useless. Walter was tempted to hope that the diver's verdict would be unfavourable, so that they might start the sooner for Bombay, and learn whether the *Tiber* had come safe to port.

"The captain says I am to go down at once, sir, and he told me to ask you to order out one of the boats for me to dive from," hailed Mark.

Walter gave the required order, and noticed that the diver still lingered, trying to catch his eye. Succeeding in this, Mark began to grimace horribly, framing silent words with his lips. Presently it dawned on Walter that the man wanted to speak to him in private, and being unable to leave the bridge, he beckoned him up. Telfer, who was a large man with a good-humoured, stupid face, came very close and whispered hoarsely:—

"The skipper is a bally thief, Mr. Lynden; I durstn't go down without someone knowing what's passed between us. If he ain't watched he'll work a fatal accident to the poor diver as sure as eggs."

Walter, of course, was aware of Mark Telfer's reputation as a light-brained fellow, prone to drawing attention to himself by his drolleries; but one glance at his face showed that he was not fooling now. His breath came quickly, and he was trembling with excitement—or fear.

"Speak up, then, before the captain comes out on deck and sees you with me," said Walter, pointing to the range of cabins below.

"A word will post you," the diver whispered. "He hinted that if the stuff is there I'm to hold my tongue about it, and send up a signal that there is nothing. He said he could then come back a year or two hence, and hook up the plunder on his own account, employing me as diver, and paying me a big percentage for standing in with him. I gave him the straight griffin that I'd have nothing to do with it—that if the gold is there I would report true."

"Where's your danger, then?" asked Walter, half guessing what the answer would be.

"Why, he'll take jolly good care to have either himself or his pal, the second mate, at the end of the signal rope," replied Mark. "If I send up word that the treasure is there what's easier for them than to foul the gear and cut off my air supply. Fatal accident to the diver, and no one but those in the swim the wiser that I'd struck it rich on the sea bottom."

"Leave it to me," said Walter. "Probably you've got hold of a mare's nest, but I will keep an eye on the gear."

Telfer murmured hurried thanks and quitted the bridge just in time. He had hardly disappeared to don his diving suit when Powlett Ferrars came out on deck. Walter heard the captain send a seaman for the second mate, and saw the pair, as soon as Laban Booth arrived, walk aft together in earnest conversation.

With his low estimate of his skipper's morality he was inclined to believe that the diver's fears might be well-founded, and he was smitten with a sudden horror lest he might not be able to fulfil his promise to safeguard the man beneath the waves. If Powlett Ferrars really cherished any such evil design, he had it in his power, as captain of the ship, to forestall hindrance.

It devolved upon Walter, as officer of the watch, to superintend the lowering of the boat for the diver's use, but in the ordinary routine, he would not be able to go in her himself. That duty would be undertaken by the second mate, unless the captain, in the special circumstances, sank his dignity in order to be present at the end of the signal line. Walter was at his wit's end for an excuse which should give him command of the gear while Mark was under water.

The boat was reported manned and ready without his having found one, and to his dismay both Ferrars and Laban Booth got into her, thus making it out of the question for him to leave the ship. The *Sea-Hawk* carried no officers but the two mates, and discipline demanded that one of them should remain on board. At the same time Mark Telfer came along the deck clad in his diving suit with the exception of his helmet, which he held in his hand. Very pale, he failed to respond to the chaff of the crew, and

shot an imploring glance at Walter as he passed to the boat.

Willing hands helped the encumbered diver over the side, and under the direction of Ferrars she was pulled some twenty yards from the steamer. Mark's helmet was fitted on, the air valves were adjusted, and Laban Booth took the line in hand which was to be the medium of intercourse with the diver. Then Mark Telfer dropped into the still waters of the lagoon, and Ferrars, leaving the tiller, placed himself amidsthips between Booth and the sailor who was working the air-pump.

All this Walter saw clearly from the bridge without having been able to move hand or foot to redeem his promise to the man who was risking his life below. That it was a risk the scowl on the captain's face, and his twitching fingers as he sometimes fumbled with the apparatus, clearly indicated.

Walter gazed at the boat with a horrible fascination. The danger to the diver might arise at any moment, now that the bubbles caused by his descent had cleared away, for at any moment he might come upon the treasure, if it still lay where the old galleon had sunk, when he would make signals of his find.

A stumble on the part of one of the confederates in the boat—if they were confederates—would disarrange the gear, and drown the discoverer with his news untold save to those who would turn it to their own account.

Yet in the scene around him there was nothing that could help Walter in his distress. Everything breathed the spirit of peace and goodwill. The calm waters of the lagoon shone blue under the cloudless tropical sky; the bulwarks of the steamer were lined with chattering expectant groups of sailors, intent on what to them seemed the final achievement of the expedition; on the low shore, among the palms of the encircling atoll, lounged a score of dusky natives, mildly interested in the white men's strange fishing. To confide his suspicions to the crew, or to endeavour to interrupt the proceedings in the boat, would be, Walter knew, to cover himself with derision.

Suddenly a pink sunshade and a sky-blue blouse caught his eye, and furnished him with an inspiration. Lena Ferrars had come out on deck, and was watching the operations in the boat with an eager scrutiny that betokened a personal interest in the result. The thought occurred to Walter: "She is a woman, and will not stand by to see murder done; and if that argument isn't good enough, she's probably got a share in the main chance with her elder brother, and won't care about being baulked of her profits."

With one hastily averted glance in his direction, Lena had stationed herself near the stern, but she looked up quickly when Walter hailed her.

"If you will come up on to the bridge you will get a better view, Miss Ferrars," he said.

Flushing slightly at such an unwonted invitation from the frigid chief officer, Lena complied. The relations between them had been so cool, at least on one side, latterly, that she started in genuine surprise when Walter, leaning on the bridge rail at her side, said in a low voice:—

"I am going to put myself in your power, Miss Ferrars. I hope you won't use it too despotically."

"Would it be so very dreadful if I did?" she murmured, with a swift upward look, instantly veiled by the drooping lids. "Tell me what it is that you want in return," she added rather bitterly. "There must be something, or you would never put yourself in such a terrible position."

"I want you to help me save a man's life—possibly your own pocket as well," replied Walter earnestly. And he proceeded in a few words to impart to her Powlett's attempted corruption of the diver, and Mark Telfer's apprehensions of what might befall him in consequence of his refusal.

Lena listened gravely, as though weighing every word; but that she was moved by the suspicions of her younger brother's treachery there could be no doubt. She kept nervously tying and untying knots in her lace-edged handkerchief all the time Walter was speaking.

To the young sailor's relief she did not, as he had half expected, fling back the accusation in his teeth.

"But assuming all this to be true, what can I do to prevent it, Mr. Lynden?" she said when he had finished.

"I can hardly urge Captain Ferrars not to commit robbery and murder on such evidence. Not yet having attempted anything of the kind he would simply laugh at me, and"—here she flashed a sudden look at him—"put my informant in irons."

Walter saw the look, and wondered whether it was meant to bring home to him how he had placed his neck under the heel of his fair persecutor. Yet he had gone too far to draw back—even if he had wished to do so, which was not the case.

"I will risk the irons, if you will risk the laugh, for a man's life," he said.

"I will hold you to that risk then," she replied, with another of her quickly-averted glances. "Tell me what to do—short of publicly accusing my brother of intended murder."

"I would not have asked you to do that, when I could have done it myself," he replied coldly. "There is an easier way, which need not compromise you."

"Well?" she said impatiently, tapping her foot on the brass rim of the bridge.

"Just call to him, as if you were chaffing, that you hope he won't drown the diver by tangling the air-tubes. If his conscience is not guilty, there'll be no harm done; if it is, he will understand."

"Yes," said Lena, shading her eyes to gaze at the gently rocking boat, "he will understand that he has been given away, and he will find a means to get square on everyone implicated. You don't know Powlett. The rest of the voyage would be an inferno for some of us. Oh, Mr. Lynden," she added impetuously, "can't you see that it is you I am fearful for? Wait, while I think of a better way."

But Walter's keen eyes had discerned a sudden movement

in the boat. The two hands at the oars were cranning their heads to get a better view of Laban Booth, who had raised himself slightly, with his fingers closing on the signal-line, while Powlett Ferrars was balancing himself on one foot at the side of the man working the apparatus.

"Hail your brother, for Heaven's sake!" urged Walter in Lena's ear. "They have had the signal to stand by for communication. The news is coming up. In ten seconds it will be too late to save the diver if my suspicions are correct."

But Lena uttered no sound. Her bosom rose and fell as her breath came in panting gasps, and once or twice when Walter's grip tightened on her arm, she opened her mouth as though about to hail the boat, yet she remained silent till another stir and bustle in the boat told that the diver had delivered his message from the ocean-bed. In his distress Walter uttered an inarticulate cry, taken by those in the boat for an anxious inquiry for the result, for by the answer that came across the water it was apparent that the moment of supreme tension had passed. The crime would not be committed, inasmuch as there was no need for it.

"It is a frost," bawled Ferrars, "at any rate so far," he added, correcting himself. "If the stuff is here it must have shifted from the site of the wreck."

A murmur of disappointment rose from the *Sea-Hawk's* crew, but Walter breathed a sigh of relief on Mark Telfer's behalf. Then a still deeper sigh, followed by a little ripple of laughter, caused him to look down at the woman at his side. She turned her face up to him boldly, and this time the lids did not droop over the triumphant eyes.

He knew what she meant. By his unsubstantiated accusation against her brother he had put himself in her power, and she intended to use it to its full.

(To be continued.)

An Opportunity not to be Missed.

HE had called on her several times, and finally mustered up courage and assurance to be somewhat more affectionate than the circumstances warranted, perhaps.

"You must not do that," she said, somewhat nervously.

"Do what?" was the innocent query.

"Put your arm round my waist."

"Why not?"

"My brother might come in suddenly and see you."

"Well, what of that? He couldn't kill me!"

"No, I suppose not; but he would try to borrow some money from you, and I have lost two chances already by his doing that."

The Regular Thing.

"Yes," said the publisher, "we'd like a Christmas story. But it'll have to be on somewhat different lines this year."

"I've got the very thing you need," replied the man with the manuscript in the side pocket of his coat. "I thought you'd be pleased when I started for your office this morning; and now I know it."

"You've struck out regardless of the conventional lines, have you?"

"That's it exactly. Here's the scheme. The family is all assembled at dinner on Christmas Day."

"M'yes. And there is a vacant chair at the table."

"How did you guess it?"

"And the old gentleman sighs as he thinks of the son who is not there to share the holiday repast."

"Exactly!"

"And the children know what he is thinking about, and his wife would like to speak a word of comfort, but they have all been forbidden to mention the absent son's name."

"You are a mind reader!"

"Suddenly the door bursts open, and a man with whiskers cries 'Father,' and the old gent embraces him and says, 'My son,' and that's the end of the story."

"There isn't much use of your reading it. There may be a few differences in detail, but the main incidents are as you have related them."

"I'm afraid I'd better not publish the story. I don't mean to say a word against its artistic merit. But you have to consider the prejudices of the reader."

"But there isn't anything in it that isn't calculated to please."

"I don't know about that. Year after year that son has been turning up in the same opportune manner. This is a cold and suspicious age, and if we let him do it any more I'm afraid the public will begin to think that he simply comes home when he knows the family is going to have turkey for dinner."

Result of Carving Competition.

THE prize of a solid silver pencil-case has been awarded to MR. ARTHUR ALSOP, of Fir Cottage, 121 Durham Road, Newport, Mon. A stereoscope has been sent to each of the following:

Miss Idy Aspinall, Rockleigh, Ashtown, Makerfield, Lancs.; H. T. Probert, Waterlow Road, Dunstable; T. Turner, 1 Walnut Tree Close, Guildford, Surrey; C. Haslett, 29 Rowan Street, Belfast; Josh. D. Watts, 288 Grove Green Road, Leytonstone; W. West, 59 Venue Street, Bromley, E.; G. A. Whittaker, 21 Woodside Place, Halifax; Miss M. Moore, 6 Southview Street, Belfast; J. Richards, 15 Baker Street, Brighton; T. Postles, 1 Stasforth Road, Newark; J. W. Takrett, 28 Wesley Square, Boothferry Road, Goole; J. M. Mathison, 98 High Street, Belmont, via Bolton.

RUGBY PLAYERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

English, Scotch, and Irish Internationals Fighting
Side by Side.

BY FRANK MITCHELL.

RUGBY football is, by its nature, a splendid training for a soldier. It requires pluck and quickness of decision, and, moreover, to be a good player one must constantly be taking little risks of different kinds that the more timid will not face.

Watch the behaviour of a man who stands under a high kick with a pack of keen forwards charging on him, and you will have a good idea of what courage is. To stand firm requires nerve; to budge an inch means that somewhere or other the spirit is lacking.

The hard and seemingly unprofitable work of scrummaging is excellent discipline for all the daily drudgery that goes to make up a soldier's life, whilst play in the open on a fine day, with a dry ground, may be fitly compared to the dashing charges that win glory on the field.

Since the days when Colonel Fox took up the question of the physical training of the soldier, all ranks, officers and men alike, have been encouraged to play manly games, such as cricket. With the men Association football undoubtedly holds favour, both in this country and in India, but it is probable that the majority of Mr. Atkins' masters have a leaning towards Rugby.

The great recruiting grounds for officers are Rugby, Haileybury, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton, and Wellington, each of which schools plays under the Rugby Union rules. After passing into the Army each officer is required to spend a year at Sandhurst, where the Rugby football is looked after by Captain W. N. Bolton, himself an International, and a powerful, if unscientific player.

Thence the youngster is drafted into a regiment, and plays football according as chances fall to him.

Up to the time of writing only one Rugby player has been killed. Though Lieutenant L. F. Bradbury had a short career, it was an exceedingly promising one. He came to Sandhurst three years ago, and played a good deal for the London Scottish, doing so well that he was certain to have played for Scotland had he lived. He fell in his first fight—that at Glencoe—a sad ending to a promising career as a soldier and a sportsman.

In the Imperial Light Horse we find many players. The corps was formed of men who had left the Transvaal at the beginning of the disturbances.

For the most part they were marked men, i.e., men who had, perhaps, expressed their opinions too freely at some time or other. Captain John Ernest Orr is the only one who obtained a commission. He played for

the West of Scotland for many years, and for several seasons was a thorn in the side of the English International teams. No man was faster away from a scrum-mage, and to be tackled by him was like walking up against a tree on a dark night. He had settled in Johannesburg, and had become manager of the Clydesdale Colliery Company.

It will be remembered that the secretary of this company, Mr. Robertson, was arrested for high treason soon after Captain Orr had gained his commission in Natal. There is no doubt that the Boers knew about Orr having joined the Imperial Light Horse, and intended to strike a blow at him through Robertson, but it is reassuring to hear that the secretary has been acquitted.

Side by side with Captain Orr fought two Irish Internationals, R. H. Johnston and T. J. Crean. Both these men went to Africa with the Rugby team three years ago and settled there. Both men played for Dublin University and Dublin Wanderers. Of the two, Crean was by far the finer player, being one of the best forwards Ireland ever had. They are not unknown in London, having played for Richmond on several occasions. Of huge size, it is not surprising to find Crean and Orr wounded at Elandskagte, though we hear that they are now at the front once more.

England contributes no fewer than four Internationals, three of them belonging to the 2nd West Surrey Regiment, now with General Buller. No regiment has ever before been so honoured, and a portrait of Lieutenants R. O'H. Livesay, R. H. Mangles, and C. E. Wilson, attired in their English football uniform, adorns the mess of the famous Queen's Regiment. Livesay and Wilson played for Blackheath, Mangles for Richmond. The two latter were forwards; Livesay, in his day, a brilliant attacking half-back. These three will certainly be in the van of the Queen's, though Mangles is such a giant that it would be well for him to go sideways and not present his full front to the wily Boer.

The fourth English International is Lieutenant Hobbs, R.E., an all-round athlete, who gained his International cap in his first year of serious football. He also is a Blackheath.

Scotland, in addition to Captain Orr, sent out W. G. Neilson, of the Argyll and Sutherland Regiment, who was unfortunately wounded at Modder River. He had the distinction of playing for Scotland when still at Merchiston School. This apparently runs in the Neilson family, for two of his brothers before him did the same thing, whilst still another brother gained his cap after leaving school—a record for any family.

It is curious to relate that a wise army doctor refused to pass Neilson into the army because of a tiny varicose vein, alleging that it would cause him to tire when on the march. It might be argued on the other side that a man who could last through an International match might also last through hard work with the colours. But red tape still exists.

The list lengthens but still there are others. Only the other day the Rugby Union were minded to try E. H. M. Barrett had they not heard that he was going

out to Africa. Barrett was captain of Cheltenham, and has since played for Lennox and Hampshire. He is also a fine cricketer.

The name of A. J. Turner is known to many as being that of an exceptionally promising young cricketer who has done much for Essex, and has already played for the Gentlemen at Lord's. He is also an artillery officer and a good Blackheath forward. When the Kent Club defeated Newport early in the season he played an exceedingly fine game, and will come to the front if he returns home.

Two prominent African Rugby players are fighting in the Kimberley Light Horse. F. F. Powell, the elder brother, was wounded in one of the sorties, but F. Powell still remains to show the worth of his football training. Both are thorough all-round athletes, and, when Lord Hawke last visited Africa, B. Powell played in the final test match at Capetown.

These are the names of the more famous players who are known to be fighting against the Boers, but many officers—aye, and many men, too—who are there are good and sound players. Such men would be the first to acknowledge the excellence of Rugby football as a preliminary training for the sterner battles of war. And we in England can rest assured that, wherever a regiment contains a Rugby player, that man will not be the last in deeds that require pluck and dash.

Let the War Office think for a moment what fine material it has in the young men who, Saturday after Saturday, play football.

A week or two ago a well-known officer, in writing to the author of this article, said: "What a fine thing it would be if the W.O. (War Office) would let you get up a battalion of Rugby players." No doubt were such a scheme put forward a thousand men could be got in a couple of days—men who, properly led, would go anywhere.

It is of the famous that I have written, but readers of P.W. may be assured that the rank and file of Rugger men would, with a little training, be no mean foes for any troops.

RESULT OF "PET" AND "MATHEMATICAL" COMPETITIONS.

MR. WALTER LAWRENCE, of 2 Dancer Road, Munster Park, S.W., is the recipient of a solid silver pencil-case in this competition. A gold-plated pencil has been sent to each of the following:

R. E. Bashier, Schoolhouse, Church Crookham, Winchester; F. W. Palmer, 10 Kenn Road, Clevedon, Somerset; M. E. Craddock, Trenar Combe, Liskeard, Cornwall; Thos. Caulfield, 53 Heather Street, Belfast; R. Bentley, 5 Staple Street, Mapperley, Nottingham; H. Haigh, 21 Clover Hill Terrace, Halifax; A. Spiro, 24 Canton's Road, Basingstoke; W. R. King, Delvo Place, Romsey; P. Attenborough, 70 Ladywell Street, Glasgow; H. Jenkins, 103 Fawcett Road, Southsea.

The prize of a solid silver pencil-case has been awarded to the Rev. T. A. Walmesley, of Southgate College, New Southgate.

A gold-plated pencil-case has been forwarded to each of the following:

H. M. Fletcher, Ramsgate; W. B. Mellows, Nottingham; D. Maco Welling; D. Dorow, Shrewsbury, Ireland; Sergeant H. H. Higgins, Cork; F. W. Finch, Coventry; J. Anderson, Helmsburgh; James Moore, Belfast; James Chapman, Leeds; F. Clifford, Lee.

INSURANCE FOR WORKING MEN AND WOMEN AGAINST FATAL ACCIDENT.

TEN POUNDS will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LTD., of 40 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the heir or assign of any person, over 14 years of age and under 65, who dies within six weeks as the direct and sole result of an accident sustained within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, whilst in the performance of his or her usual work, provided that the following conditions are complied with:

1. The person desirous of benefiting by this Insurance Scheme must, as the essence of the contract, have filled up, cut out, and retained the FATAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COUPON (which appears each week in P.W.) for at least twelve consecutive weeks immediately before the accident. (See below also.)

2. The statement of claim on his or her behalf, accompanied by the twelve coupons, must reach the Head Office of The Ocean Corporation as above within seven days of the fatal termination of the accident.

3. Together with the statement of claim and the coupons must also be forwarded a copy of the death certificate and a written guarantee that the coupons were actually filled in and signed by the deceased.

4. Only one claim can be accepted in respect of each death.

5. The decision of the Directors of The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd. as to the payment of the money is final, and when once the payment has been made, no claims as to its disposal can be considered.

6. In the event of this offer being withdrawn, no claims for accidents taking place after the expiration of one week from the issue of the last coupon can be considered.

Special Insurances are offered of £1 for three signed Coupons from consecutive issues of the paper immediately preceding the fatal accident, or £5 for six signed Coupons, under similar conditions to the above.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company Limited Act, 1890," Rules Nos. 2 & 3.

The possession of this Coupon is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 23 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Office of the said Corporation.

P.W. P.W.

FATAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COUPON.

JAN. 6th, 1900. Signature.....

Address.....

Age next birthday.....

P.W. See Back. P.W.

Football Skill Competition.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 16.

Ernest Allen, Walsall Road, Willenhall; J. Cain, 29 The Grove, Ealing, W.; W. H. Simonds, 231 London Road, Revling; Ralph Harrison, 33 Jenson Road, Dublin; Thomas Hill, 25 North-y-Felin, Holyhead; George Ray, 42 Coningham Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.; J. Copeland, 22 Tatton Street, off Oldfield Road, Salford; W. Firth, 118 Portland Road, Notting Hill; M. P. Hunter, 17 Main Street, Ayr; W. Dalrymple, care of Knox, 43 Freeland's Place, Kirkintilloch; James Cartwright, 70 North Street, South Bank, Yorks.; John Forster, 25 Caroline Street, Belfast; Mrs. E. So Butcher, Asht n. Preston; J. W. Houghton, 29 Main Street, Grimsby; F. A. Bovill, 6 Avondale Street, Lincoln; W. Richardson, 42 East Road, Egremont, via Carnforth; E. Stanton, Daventry Road, Towcester; W. H. Mowlan, Coombebell Nursery, Kingston-on-Thames; E. C. Kellow, Le Bouet, Guernsey; A. Taylor, The Chambers, Cranbrook.

If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

The football matches named opposite will be played on Saturday, January 6th. To the competitor who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If no competitor gives all the results FIFTY POUNDS will be paid in Consolation Gifts.

FOOTBALL PRIZES OF £1,000 and £100 and WEEKLY GIFTS of £50.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or PASTIMES. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's decision as final.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, January 6th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, January 5th, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "FOOTBALL No. 19," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.
5. All coupons are at senders' risk, and, if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.

£100 Prize Awarded Every Week, OR

£50 in Consolation Gifts.

6. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other place at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.
7. It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

You should get the football coupon in PASTIMES. It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Football Coupon No. 19.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 6th. Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Glossop | 2 Preston North End. |
| 3 Notts Forest | 4 Wolverhampton Wand. |
| 5 Sunderland | 6 Liverpool. |
| 7 West Bromwich Albion | 8 Aston Villa. |
| 9 Everton | 10 Newcastle United. |
| 11 Blackburn Rovers | 12 Sheffield United. |
| 13 Derby County | 14 Manchester City. |
| 15 Bury | 16 Notts County. |
| 17 Newton Heath | 18 Bolton Wanderers. |
| 19 Loughborough | 20 Burton Swifts. |
| 21 Grimsby Town | 22 Burnley Port Vale. |
| 23 New Brighton | 24 Walsall. |
| 25 Queen's Park Rangers | 26 Tottenham Hotspur. |
| 27 Reading | 28 Portsmouth. |
| 29 Sheppey United | 30 Bristol Rovers. |
| 31 England | 32 Wales (R. U.). |

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED

How our wounded soldiers are cared for on the battlefields of South Africa is a subject that cannot fail to interest everyone. It is fully described and illustrated in the January number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.



"TOMMY'S" QUEER FAITHS AND FEARS.

CHARMS AGAINST INJURIES IN BATTLE.

OUR old friend, the "Casual Observer," looking at the stalwart Life Guardsman in his big jack boots and plumed helmet, striding to and fro in the courtyard of the Horseguards in Whitehall, or at the six foot Grenadier Guardsman frowning from beneath his shaggy bearskin busby outside Buckingham Palace, would be inclined to ridicule the idea that soldiers indulge in such foibles as superstitions, that they possess any fears beyond the legitimate one of being late at mess call, or any faiths beyond that recommended by Oliver Cromwell—to trust in God and keep their powder dry.

Yet Tommy Atkins has his superstitions, and if they are not so numerous as those of his brethren in the Queen's service afloat, they are some of them quite as ridiculous as those of the most salted of "old salts."

If Tommy is lying awake before reveille is sounded and hears a cock crow, it is accepted as a sign of good luck, and his duty is done cheerfully during the day, for he considers he is safe not to get into trouble. If, however, he should hear a dog bark before the summons to turn out is blown upon the bugle, it is a certain sign of misfortune, and "Tommy" goes about his duty during the day with a vague sense of dread, and if he gets a wiggling from his officer, or is punished for any neglect of duty or breach of discipline, he puts it down to the fact that somebody's wakeful

TERRIER BARKED BEFORE REVEILLE.

The writer remembers an instance of a soldier whose misfortunes began one day when he was "checked" on parade for not having his service cap strapped on his valise.

He was a defaulter for that afternoon in consequence, and when he should have paraded to display the missing service cap, he did not hear the bugle and arrived late on the defaulters' parade, for which his officer "dressed him down." In the evening when he went out, some mischance made him a few minutes late in keeping an appointment with an attractive nursemaid of his acquaintance, and he learnt from a comrade whom he met that his lady love had gone off with a sergeant from the cavalry barracks.

To drown his sorrows he took to drink, was accused by an angry barmen of attempting to pass a bad half-crown, whereas he had put down a perfectly genuine coin, for which a counterfeit had been substituted by one of the loafers at the public-house bar, had high words with the publican, higher words with a policeman, subsequently struck the representative of law and order, and was finally "frog-marched" to the police-station by six constables.

"Poor old Billy," said one of his comrades, discussing the incident, when an escort had been sent to receive the delinquent from the hands of the civil authorities, "he couldn't 'elp it, 'e was forced to 'ave a turn o' bad luck, coz 'e 'eard a bloomin' dog bark afore reveille yesterday mornin'," and others of Billy's comrades, when they heard the oracle speak, wondered no more that

BILLY'S EVIL STAR

had been in ascendancy the day before.

The writer also knew a smart young corporal who proudly displayed the stripes which had been given him on the previous day. "I knew I was in for something good yesterday," he said, "I heard a cock crow a good hour before reveille."

A soldier son of a long line of soldiers, possessed a bent and battered button which had been handed down to him from an ancestor, a Scots Fusilier guardsman who had fought at Talavera and had been struck by a spent bullet on that very button. Succeeding generations of soldiers had carried that button about with them, and it had acted as a talisman, for none of them had ever been shot, though often in action. One carried it through the Crimean War, and was in the hottest part of the Battle of the Alma, but came through the campaign without a scratch.

The last of the family to possess it was killed at Abu Klea; but notwithstanding that the talismanic power of the charm had obviously failed, a comrade searched the dead lad's clothing for it, and afterwards treasured it as closely as its former owner had done.

"Why do you keep that thing?" he was asked. "It's no good; it didn't save poor Harry's life."

"Praps it didn't; but he was struck with a spear. He wasn't shot, an' he never would ha' been while he had this," was the answer, and the present owner of that button, who is now fighting against men who shoot and don't use spears, regards it as an infallible charm against Boer marksmanship.

In the cavalry many men pin their faith to a horse's tooth as a talisman against injury in battle, but it must be the tooth of a horse which has gone uninjured through action. A trooper of the 17th Lancers rode unscathed himself through the charge of Ulundi, and

attributes his escape to the fact that he had concealed about his person the tooth of a war horse which had survived unhurt the Charge of Balaklava. Nor was he an ignorant country clodhopper, the man who thus had faith in an equine molar, but a man who on leaving the Army went back to his father's office, from which he had run away, and is now a qualified solicitor.

Moreover he has a cousin who is a soldier, and who owns the talisman which saved his kinsman's life at Ulundi. Armed with this the youngster went through the charge at Omdurman with the 21st Lancers, and attributes his escape from injury to the blackened stump of ivory from the jaws, so it is alleged, of a Crimean war horse. Yet he is the son of a doctor, and had a grammar school education.

All soldiers share the common superstition against meeting a cross-eyed woman. A reservist who recently journeyed to Aldershot to rejoin his regiment under orders for South Africa, wrote to a friend on the eve of his departure for the front: "I shan't come back this trip, old fellow; there was a cross-eyed wench in the train as I came down to join. She looked at me all the time, confound her, and you know what that means. I shall get the knock this journey."

The poor fellow's gloomy foreboding came true—he was one of the Grenadiers who fell at Belmont, and his fate has strengthened in one or two minds at all events, the belief that

THE SIGHT OF A CROSS-EYED WOMAN

is inimical to the safety of a soldier going on active service.

On the contrary, a cross-eyed man is not anathema to Tommy Atkins, for the sight of him is supposed to bring good luck. In the Waterloo Road, not far from the railway station, is a public-house where, recently, at all events, there was a cross-eyed potman. While the Army Corps was being mobilised at Aldershot a large number of soldiers travelled up and down on the South-Western Railway, and hundreds went to interview the cross-eyed potman to stand him a drink, and get him to wish them luck. The potman did so well out of his infirmity that he must wish the mobilisation of an Army Corps was a permanent occurrence.

A superstition, which has a touch of reverence in it, is very common in the Army. No soldier will, if he can help it, wear anything in the shape of uniform or accoutrements which has belonged to a dead comrade. In the Tirah Campaign a Gordon Highlander who had lost his helmet in one fight went bareheaded rather than wear the helmet of a dead comrade, which had been picked up undamaged. His captain at last insisted that he should wear the helmet, and the lad obeyed, protesting that the act

WOULD GET HIM KILLED

in the next engagement. It so happened that in a little brush with the tribesmen on the following day, he was the only man of the Gordons to be hit, and he was shot fatally, in the right lung, just as the former wearer of the helmet had been. After that the superstition was strengthened in the minds of the men tenfold, and no attempt was made, where a similar loss occurred, to insist upon the sufferer making good his loss at the expense of the dead.

In the first Nile campaign many of the battalions were provided with the most villainous shoe leather, and long before they reached Abu Klea, hundreds of men in the Desert Column had to tie their boot soles on to their feet. In one case, where a young soldier was almost marching bare foot, the sergeant gave him a pair of boots which were only slightly worn. The young soldier protested, almost with tears in his eyes, that his own boots were good enough; but the sergeant was obdurate, and insisted on his wearing them. He did, but next morning he told the sergeant, with a great show of indignation, that his new boots had been stolen during the night, and he had to finish the campaign on his own fragmentary boot soles.

The fact was, the boots which had been given him had belonged to a comrade who had been killed, and, to avoid wearing them, he had

DUG A HOLE IN THE DESERT

sand and buried them. He had a comfortless march for the rest of the campaign, and suffers from tender feet to-day in consequence; but he came buck alive, which he alleges would not have been the case if he had gone into action at Abu Klea or Metannah in the other fellow's boots.

In addition to his serious superstitions, Tommy Atkins has some humorous fancies, which partake of the nature of superstition. Some of these which are applied to the canteen, however, have a strong element of philosophy in them. For instance, it is held to be unlucky to leave any beer in a pot; it is unlucky to refuse to drink with strangers; it is unlucky to take a less expensive drink than the man who is treating you; it is unlucky to finish one drink without wishing for the next. Strangest of all, perhaps, it is unlucky to sing, hum, or whistle a hymn tune in the canteen, and it is unlucky to sing, hum, or whistle the tune of the "Dead March" in "Saul" anywhere.

Superstition, however, does not make a coward of Tommy Atkins as it does of some folks, and, notwithstanding his old-womanish notions about charms and cross-eyed women, he is as brave as a lion when the pinch comes. And so he may be left to entertain his queer faiths and fears, for he's "a man for a' that."

A Unique Painting.

THE other day a woman escaped from a lunatic asylum in New York, and during the time that she was at large she did a unique piece of painting.

She had the luck during her wanderings to find a pail of green paint and a long-handled brush in a building undergoing repair.

These she promptly annexed and with them marched up the stairs of the nearest elevated railway station, and before the ticket clerk had time to realise what was happening she began to paint his head and face a brilliant green.

The unfortunate man was in a small ticket-office, all parts of which his tormenter could reach with her brush, and every time he moved she gave him a fresh daub of paint and wiped her brush over his clothes. At last he managed to send a telegram to the next station, saying: "Am being murdered. Help, quick." The police were called and captured the woman, notwithstanding her vigorous defence with brush and pail.

The Last of His Race.

OF the heroes fallen in the Transvaal operations, sad, yet splendid, associations surround the fate of brave young Lieutenant Clapham, who, before Ladysmith, "foremost fighting fell."

A splendid type of a colonist, in all the strength of his frank manhood, Lieutenant Clapham, of the Natal Mounted Infantry, volunteered for active service at the earliest possible moment.

"The only son of his mother, and she a widow," the gallant subaltern represented a family celebrated in Yorkshire as, throughout the past three centuries, always having one or more of its members in the Army.

When marching from his home at Maritzburg young Clapham was the last of his race. And so he died, the sword that had, like those of his kinsmen, never been drawn in dishonour, was found unsheathed in his dying grasp—its blade was pointing "on."

The last of the Claphams has, who shall not say, fittingly been buried with others of Britain's brave upon the red battlefield.

IF YOU PLAY FOOTBALL, SIGN THE COUPON ON THE FRONT PAGE.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 1 and 2.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk. If a subscriber who has duly paid a twelve-month subscription for this paper, or a single copy, in advance to their newspaper, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

See over for conditions.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY	
REQUEST FORM.	
JAN. 6th, 1900.	I give to
(If this space is not filled up by the Proprietor of P. W. I reserve to themselves the right of sending the money to the person whom they consider has the best claim to it.)	all moneys payable under my insurance in Pearson's Weekly.
Signed	
Signed by the above-named	
as his (or her) last will in the presence of us, both being present at the same time, who in his (or her) presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.	
See other side.	
JANUARY 6, 1900.	

IS YOUR GAS BILL TOO HIGH?

LEARN HOW TO BURN GAS ECONOMICALLY.

"THE average gas consumer is no plaster saint, when it comes to paying up," recently said the secretary of one of our largest metropolitan gas companies to P. W.

"Truth to say, he is one of the most inconsistent of men. He will invoke every saint in the calendar—often, too, many whose names are certainly not to be found in that ancient compilation—if he thinks he is losing a penny a quarter through the faulty registering of a meter, whilst, all the time, he will see pound after pound dropped through his own sheer wastefulness without uttering a word of protest.

"There are two chief causes of high gas bills. There is the constant flaring away of burners which are only required for a few moments, perhaps, during the whole of the time that they are alight, such as those in bedrooms and bath-rooms. There are also the ridiculously antiquated methods by which folks burn their gas.

"So far as the former are concerned, the consumer has only himself to thank if his bill appears unduly inflated. In these winter evenings it is usual for his housemaid to light up at dusk, perhaps, a dozen or so burners. These, according as she is economic or otherwise, will flare away at varying heights for a period of from four to eight hours without, perhaps, being actually required for more than five minutes of the entire period. In these cases it is undoubtedly

THE CONSUMER'S OWN FAULT,

for he sins with his eyes open.

"It is, however, an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. Last year the gas companies of the United Kingdom carbonised some 319,000 tons more coal than in the preceding twelve months. This enormous increase gave a gaseous equivalent of upwards of 5,336,000,000 cubic feet, with a monetary value of £547,882. No doubt a good deal of this increase was due to an addition to the number of consumers. It is, however, perfectly safe to say that, were consumers only a little more alive to their own interests, the present annual output of the companies would be amply sufficient for an addition of at least another ten million souls to the population of the United Kingdom.

"One of the most efficient substitutes for the flaring gas jet—so dear to the heart of the gas inspector—is the clever little by-pass of the incandescent burners. An even less costly contrivance is formed by placing a small piece of spongy platinum in the direct path of

the gas. This metal has the curious property of becoming white hot so soon as the escaping gas commences to play upon it. In this way it will kindle a jet at a moment's notice without any appreciable waste of gas; and, consequently, forms an excellent money-saver where a burner is required only for occasional use. In either of these ways no small proportion of one's annual gas bill may readily be saved at a trifling initial cost.

"But there is an even greater saving to be made by the employment of a proper method of burning. In order to appreciate the truth of this fact, it is necessary that one should first understand just what a gas burner really is.

"It is a curious but incontrovertible fact that a flame is very much like a human being in its relation to the oxygen of the air. Place a candle or a human being in an air-tight chamber, and both will expire as soon as they have exhausted the oxygen contained in their respective prisons. Give them, instead, an overdose of this precious element, and their proceedings will be equally erratic. In either case, they are only seen at their best when using up their proper proportion of oxygen.

"It is for this reason that the gas-burner so flattens out the flame that it

RECEIVES THE GREATEST POSSIBLE AMOUNT

of oxygen to aid in its combustion. The actual flame is, of course, caused by the chemical combination of the gas and the oxygen. This process sets up intense heat, thereby causing the carbonaceous particles in the gas to become white hot, and, in turn, to produce that steady, white light which is the characteristic product of properly-combusted gas. Withhold the proper proportion of oxygen, as in the street flares of the road-menders, and, although you may be burning six times the amount of gas, you will, probably, be receiving the merest fraction of the light in return. Here is an officially-certified instance of what can be done by bad burners.

"Some years back, in their report to the Board of Trade, the referees under the City of London Gas Act stated that their examination of the burners of two leading London newspaper offices (which, owing to the amount of night work executed in them, afforded the best instances from which to draw general deductions), was instrumental in revealing a truly extraordinary state of things. Roughly speaking, the burners in question were found to yield only 55 per cent. of the light obtainable from the best burners of that day, whilst the actual illumination was so feeble as to be

from 47 to 49 per cent. of what was actually obtained from the gas.

"Nor were these extreme cases, many other instances showing similar percentages. So great, indeed, was the wastage, that the committee considered it equal in London alone to a loss of at least £500,000 per annum.

"Similarly, too, in a communication addressed by Dr. Wallace, the official gas examiner to the City of Glasgow, to the Philosophical Society of that city, it was stated that a loss of at least 40 per cent. of illuminating power was quite a common occurrence amongst the lights it was his duty to inspect.

"In this connection there are two principal points to be observed: the illuminating power of the gas, and the pressure at which it is supplied. The gas of different companies differs, sometimes very considerably, in density. The richer the gas, the more oxygen will be required to consume it, and, consequently, it is necessary that a burner should be used which will spray it out into a much thinner sheet of flame than that required by a poorer article. The regulation of pressure is equally important.

"In order to burn gas economically, it is of vital importance that a uniform pressure should be maintained. There are a variety of causes tending to alter gas pressures, such as variations in the number of lights in a house, and alterations emanating from the gas-works themselves. All of these disturbing influences may be remedied, however, by the fixing of a 'governor' upon the consumer's pipes.

"The action of this useful little device is usually automatic, a heavy pressure causing the supply orifice to contract, whilst as soon as the pressure is again withdrawn, the orifice is proportionately widened out. In this way not only is the pressure in the house equalised and the light consequently brightened, but—last, and by no means least—the quarter's bill may be very considerably reduced."

Important Notice to Contributors.

All MSS. submitted to this office must be type-written, and, if required back in the event of their being unsuitable, should contain a sufficient number of stamps to cover the cost of postage. While the Editor takes every care of MSS., he does not hold himself responsible for either loss or damage.

Something for the Children.

When children meet at birthday and other parties, the hostess is naturally anxious to provide the most suitable and acceptable fare. Children do not require heavy meat food, yet they need variety, and the mother would do well to secure—among other appetising things—a supply of Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. These excellent Jellies are refreshing and cooling, and also nourishing. Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies are flavoured with ripe fruit juices, expressed by the firm themselves from the fresh fruit. Their sale and popularity are ever increasing. It is merit that does it all, the merit that takes pains to do the best. Children like Chivers' Jellies—there is no doubt about that. Put it to the vote where they have been used and the "Ayes" have it unanimously. The Medical Press, after careful analysis, says: "Chivers' Jellies are to be commended for 'the delicacy of their flavour and 'for their absolute purity.' The Woman's Signal gives this testimony: "Chivers' Jellies can be confidently recommended, they are 'perfectly pure, absolutely clear 'and pleasant to look at on the 'table, and the flavour is simply 'perfect.' The Christian World says: "In these village industries 'there is no room for deception. 'You must turn out a genuine 'article if you would defy competi-'tion, and this is why the firm in 'question are now at the top of 'the tree."

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439, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE GREAT SERVANT PROBLEM.

ANOTHER PRIZE OFFERED FOR IMPROVING ON THE BEST
SUGGESTION SENT IN.

WHEN in P.W. of November 18th I invited my readers to send in suggestions for the remedying of the evils that wait upon the domestic servant question, I, of course, realised that the response would be great, but I never anticipated that it would be as great as it has been. Nearly 20,000 letters came to hand from all sorts and conditions of people.

I have read every letter very carefully through, noting, as I went along, all the best points. Reviewing the correspondence on the subject generally I confess to being a little disappointed at the poor quality of the ideas contained in so many letters, for out of all the suggestions made—and the best half have come from practical mistresses—only a very few of my correspondents have succeeded in thinking out what I may call a likely remedy, and even these rather fall short of the mark from a practical point of view.

After very careful consideration, I have selected the following six as the best suggestions sent in, and, in the circumstances, since I have had to depart from my original intention, I have divided the prize of Ten Pounds between the lucky ones named below, the first-named being awarded Five Pounds, and the remaining five a prize of One Pound each. Here are the names and addresses of the six winners: Mr. W. Iago, Carn Brea, Cornwall; Rev. H. P. Stokes, M.A., 135 Conybear Street, Birmingham; Mrs. E. Holloway, 3 Star Terrace, Moulford, Berks; Mr. J. H. Tomlin, Langham House, Highfield Street, Leicester; Mrs. M. B. Lyall, Ramsay Lodge, Kelso; and Miss Lucy Seal, Charleston, Christchurch Park, Sutton.

Mr. Iago thinks that "The Government should take the matter up in the interest of the community. To every 'general' let a bonus be offered of say £10 at the end of five years' service; £3 if five years have been spent in not more than three situations. Every 'general' to be registered at the local post-office. She would get one shilling and obtain a book for identification and registration of service. On going into a situation her mistress would write her name and address in the book, with the date, and this entry would be stamped at the post-office. On leaving her situation, she would report the fact, and have it recorded in her book and in the office register.

"Every mistress to take out a licence for a 'general' at, say, £1 per annum. Service with an unlicensed mistress not to count towards a bonus. Good servants should see that they served only under licensed mistresses, while, on the other hand, the servant's book would be in itself a distinct attestation of the character of the owner. The fund thus raised would with accumulated interest be found sufficient for all the calls made upon it for bonuses."

Who will get a member of Parliament to bring in a Bill? It ought to prove a popular measure.

Mr. Stokes' remedy is the following: "I would suggest that our own beloved Queen—mother of her people—should take the matter up and institute some sort of recognition for long and faithful service." This would take the shape of a certificate bearing Her Majesty's sign-manual.

Mrs. Holloway writes: "There should be attached to every police station an official whose duty it would be to act as servants' registrar. The office could be kept up by the fees received from mistresses. All characters to be sent through that official, who would verify them. Servants' complaints about mistresses would be fully inquired into, and reported upon if found true." This means black-balling mistresses whose conduct did not quite suit their servants. But the idea is fairly good.

Mr. Tomlin suggests the opening of "domestic institutes in connection with Board schools, where girls, before leaving school, could be taught household duties, to qualify them for a certificate, and where also young women and young wives could attend for special instruction. Municipal authorities should open domestic Labour Bureaux. This would kill the profit-seeking, irresponsible registry offices, for parents would send their daughters' names to the bureaux with confidence. Thus a large extra amount of domestic labour would become available."

Mrs. Lyall recommends "The formation of a society of mistresses to be called the Victoria Household Guild, with head centres in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and sub-centres all over the country. A division of the guild would be composed of servants. The guild would issue diplomas to servants for good conduct, entitling the latter to affix to their name the letters V.H.G. The object primarily of this society would be to watch the interests of both mistress and maid." This is what I may call a pretty idea, but it hardly provides a remedy for the dearth of servants.

Miss Lucy Seal (a servant), who has written in a very entertaining way suggests that "there should be only one registry office within a prescribed area in large towns and only one in smaller towns; these offices to be under local control. Honest business would then be insured. It would wear out hard mistresses and incompetent servants, whose names after, say, three trials would be removed from the books. Once let servants realise that their interests are being looked after and there will be no lack of respectable and willing girls to

fill vacancies." My domestic friend is very optimistic, but her arguments are sound.

All my correspondents, hardly without an exception, vote in favour of the figurative destruction of the registry offices, such establishments being irresponsible and useless, as servantless mistresses can testify.

The moral side of the question has been touched upon by hundreds and strongly defended, the principal line taken being the plea to mistresses to treat their servants with kindness and to study their feelings.

Following are extracts I have selected:

Mrs. E. B. Gill, "Rosslyn," Poole, asks: "Would it not be possible to have a Domestic Aid Society which could be managed by paid assistants and be placed under local authority? Servants might contribute a small sum yearly to entitle them to benefit under a sick fund?"—This suggestion, while being useful, hardly meets the case, for it is not the incorporation of servants that is wanted. We want servants, and where shall we get them from? That's the question.

Mr. Basil Snowden, Redhead Avenue, South Shields, offers a useful hint. He says: "The duties of a general servant ought to be taught in all Board Schools; particularly should teachers be emphatic in their declaration to the children or grown-up girls that there is nothing derogatory in the occupation of a servant, but that, on the contrary, it is a highly moral occupation and one which is best suited for young women."—That is a good idea. Cookery and needlework are now being taught in nearly all Board Schools, and why not a moral lesson be given to the children on the qualities of domestic service?

More than fourteen hundred writers have suggested that they see clearly that the only way to provide against the uncertainty of registry offices, and to make provision for the death of servants is by instituting clubs, societies or institutions, in which the character of the mistresses shall be as deftly inquired into as the character of the servants.

Mrs. Chancellor, 35 Albion Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, writes: "Why not form a domestic servant's club, to be run in connection with every important school and parish in the United Kingdom?"—This suggestion seems feasible. Almost every big parish has its club for boys. Why should not a few ladies put their heads together and form a committee for the purpose of discussing the question. I recommend this idea to the wife of every rector in the kingdom.

Mr. Harry Rice, of Exeter, says: "My wife does not 'stamp' or 'cap' our girl. To do so is unnecessary. If we were great people and kept a dozen servants, to uniform a girl might be allowed, but where one girl is kept only, she ought not to be made wear a distinctive dress." And then Mr. Rice goes on to say that "the custom" which makes the domestic servant don the "uniform" deters many a girl from taking up domestic work. I don't think so. Girls like to get into their black dress, cap, and apron, and in all my experience of girls I never yet met one who disliked her presentment in that costume. Besides, one must remember that the domestic servant belongs to a distinctive class just as hospital nurses form a class, and if the latter wear a distinctive dress why may not our domestic servants? Instead of the uniform being the badge of serfdom, it is, indeed, the badge of respectable occupation.

Mrs. Wales, of Tooting, maintains that, "Training colleges for girls leaving school and intending going into domestic service should be established."—Excellent. But as the fees would have to be nominal to command pupils, such public training colleges could only flourish under the charge of local governing bodies who could not very well conduct these establishments without increasing the local rates.

Mrs. Hylton Dale, of Belsize Park, writes in a very pessimistic vein. She says: "Nothing short of a revolution of the present system will have any remedial effect. Domestic work must be placed on exactly the same lines as any other occupation or trade. Many girls, if allowed to sleep at home, would undertake domestic service. In the manufacturing districts domestic service is despised. 'I wouldn't be a servant and wear a cap,' factory girls say. Then down with the cap. It is not the cap that makes the servant. Abolish the hated word 'servant' and substitute the term 'domestic worker.' Call servants 'Miss. Let them have fixed hours like factory hands. Place the contract on a business footing." These suggestions are startling, but they are reconcilable to common sense if we could also reform the whole system of housekeeping. For until that were done it were impossible to carry on the duties of a household if your "domestic assistant" came at nine and went away at six.

Mrs. Robertson, of Belfast, sends me a novel idea. She says: "There is no reason why the boys of a family should not have a share of the household duties allotted to them. Boys are seldom taught to be useful, and even on an emergency could not prepare their own breakfast."

On the whole, the first suggestion made is the only one which seems to point to the solution of the difficulty. I shall be pleased to receive and consider elaborations of the scheme, and to give a solid silver pencil-case to the reader who draws up the best *modus operandi* for putting the idea into practical form. Attempts to arrive by Monday, January 8th.

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we intend to reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. We shall give careful consideration to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The dearth of money which so alarms the City is only a natural result of the war and improved trade throughout the world. It is usual for the supplies to be cut short in December, but this time there is an additional pinch owing to the exceptional causes. Such a state of things is not going to last indefinitely, and, with a little patience, everything will come right.

CHRISTMAS, oddly enough, is always a time of depression on the Stock Exchange. Business is interfered with and things go flat. This year the absence of business is an additional factor in weakening prices. It is a time to keep a stout heart.

The banks are now allowing four per cent. and over for deposits, and the Post Office Savings Bank with its two and a half per cent. is in undesirable contrast. Let it not be forgotten, however, that in certain seasons of the year one per cent. is all that can be got from banks, while the Post Office interest is maintained all the year round.

The per cent. is offered for money on deposit by the London Penny Omnibus Association. It is too much to pay, and if the Association had adequate security to offer, it could obtain the money on much easier terms.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

"H. J. W."—The broker will tell you when to send the money. —"Devon."—Welsh Ordinary stock ought to be kept, but it is impossible to say that you are not running a risk by doing so. —"T. B."—Victoria 3½ per cent. Inscribed stock would be a suitable investment. —"G. E."—There is no market for the shares, and they must be looked upon as a poor investment. —"W. F. C."—You should not invest in the House Property Investment. —"Assam."—Put your money in Kent Waterworks Stock. —"Workman."—A letter investment for you will be Metropolitan Railway Ordinary. —"Uninitiated."—You ask, "If shares are worth buying why do people sell them?" Does it not occur to you that nothing can be bought unless there is a seller? —"Ened."—Out of your eight stocks, you should only keep Maple and Vinolia Preferences. —"Louise."—You should sell your Louise shares, and keep your West Australians for a recovery. —"C. H. E."—Anchor Tin shares are not good. The other mining shares should be sold whenever you can do so without loss. —"H. Y. D."—The life office you name is not a good one. —"T. E. F."—You should not put your money in the bank you mention. —"A. T. I."—We can only advise you not to hold bonds in the Provident Association. —"F. A. S."—There is no market in the shares of the Malina Gold Mines. —"C. E. G."—Mexican Railway Second Preference stock is only a speculation. —"D. P. E."—You should not regard the Hills Produce Company as anything but a highly speculative investment. —"Carl."—The circular and the firm are both unreliable. —"M. D."—Whatever you do with your money do not invest it in the bank you mention. —"C. F."—H. J. W., "E. W. J.", "A. F. G.", "F. J. E.", "T. B.", "C. J. F.", "W. C. H."—We sent you the name of an investment broker. —"T. A."—Bovril Cumulative Preference shares are a fairly good investment. Look up the dictionary for the meaning of cumulative. —"T. W."—The Preference shares are quoted at a little over par. —"B. O. L."—Fine Cotton Spinners' Ordinary shares are worth keeping. —"Greig's Cross."—You can easily get something better than the Preference shares. Ask your broker. —"Stammer."—The difference in the two prices is the jobber's turn. It is quite right and fair. —"Dunstan."—We reply to you in a paragraph. —"W. S. H."—A fairly good investment at the present time is Bovril Deferred shares at 10s. each. They are very cheap. —"J. A. M."—The shares are 10s. fully paid, so you have nothing to fear. —"W. H."—Sell your shares in the Fish, Oil, and Guano Company. —"J. C."—You can get the prospectus from the secretary of the Metropolitan Railway. —"H. H."—You cannot sell Shaba Gold Mines, so you must hold. —"M. W. S."—Seager Evans' Preferred shares are not a bad investment. —"Gardener."—The shares you mention are not a good investment. —"Shamrock."—Banks now give over 4 per cent. on deposits. —"County."—There is no price for the Steam Herring Fleet shares. —"W. B."—The R. & O. Tinto shares are worth keeping. —"J. B. M."—Great Central Deferred stock pays no dividend. —"St. Bode."—Your Theatres are not worth holding. —"Phoenix."—Keep your Canada Petroleum and the others. —"E. H. T."—Entire Rio's Railway Preferences should be worth keeping. —"South."—Bovril Deferred shares are a promising purchase. —"Dubious."—Sell your Provident Bond for what it will fetch. —"Vale."—City and South London Railway stock is not worth buying. —"J. S. E."—The Birkbeck Building Society is a sound concern. —"Cyclist."—You cannot sell the shares at all. You were stupid to buy after we had told you not to do so. —"A. S."—Hints to Small Investors began with the first week in October. —"T. P."—Great Easterns are cheap enough now. —"Jack."—Birmingham Brewery Preference shares are worth keeping. —"Constant Reader."—You had better leave your money where it is. —"Thrift."—Do not buy the Railway shares just now. —"F. C. P."—Do not buy either Welbachs or Costa Rica Bonds. —"J. W."—You would get the dividend in Gas "A" stock. —"A. J. T."—The shares you name are too risky. Take no notice of Elmelle's circulars. —"J. E."—Egyptian United Bonds are a good security; but they have had a fall. —"Ened."—What was your question? If you repeat it we will try to answer. —"Nellie."—Get rid of your British Columbian shares. —"X."—United Alkali Shares are good enough to keep. —"Weary Walter."—We think they will improve. —"C. H. G."—North Eastern Railway stock is good enough to buy. —"Grover."—Brilliant Gold Mines are not good to buy. —"In Doubt."—Do not join the Provincial Homes. —"T. P."—London and Globe are too speculative for you. —"J. M."—You had better leave your money where it is. —"A. F."—You must send a stamped envelope if you want the name of an investment broker. —"Munster Fusilier."—Welbachs are more risky than Bovrils. —"E. A. B."—Don't buy Hampton Plains or the other. —"W. B. E."—Chartered are risky now. —"F. T. T."—Motor Car shares are not good to buy. —"E. T."—You should not try to open an account with £10.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly.....	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader.....	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pastimes	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated War News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine.....	9 9	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dreammaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

Rudyard Kipling is the most popular author that ever lived. There will be a rush for the January PEARSON'S. If you do not go round at once, therefore, you will be unable to secure a copy. You will find everyone has read Kipling's latest but yourself.

Gradually wasted away with a Cough.

"Having read such a lot of good accounts of your Scott's Emulsion, we decided to give it a trial."



THOMAS DEVIENNE.

(From a photograph.)

Thank goodness for those "good accounts of your Scott's Emulsion" which Mr. Devienne mentions in his letter. In advertising Scott's Emulsion, it is a pleasure to feel that the preparation itself justifies the claims we make for it, and that those who take it universally give a good account of it. In these days of secret nostrums and clap-trap remedies, Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously, because, in the first place, its ingredients are not kept a secret; and in the second place, it is perfectly in accord with medical science.

The child, whose photograph we here reproduce, had a cold which grew from bad to worse, and undermined his health. The father writes:—

"3 Tunley Road, Harlesden, N.W.

"April 27th, 1899.

"Gentlemen,—I think it my duty to inform you of the great benefit my little son—Thomas—has derived since taking your Scott's Emulsion. Soon after his birth he caught a very severe cold, which gradually became worse and worse until he was five months old. From a very fine baby when born, he gradually wasted away. During that time all medicine he took did not have the least effect. In fact, at one time I never thought we should rear him. Having read such a lot of good accounts of your Scott's Emulsion, we decided to give it a trial. After he had taken one bottle we noticed a great improvement in him, so we continued to give it to him for some

considerable time. It has not only cured his cold, but has also made him a fine strong and healthy boy. Whenever he has a slight cold I shall certainly give him Scott's Emulsion at once, in preference to any other medicine, and I am sure it will have the same beneficial results as before. I shall recommend your Emulsion whenever an opportunity occurs.—I remain, gentlemen, yours faithfully.

(Signed) P. DEVIENNE."

Everybody knows that cod-liver oil is a standard remedial agent used the world over by the medical profession. Everybody does not know, however, that the system has to emulsify the oil before it is absorbed, and that this is largely a mechanical process which changes very little the character of the oil. In Scott's Emulsion this emulsifying work is done for you, and consequently you get the most benefit from the oil with the least possible effort of digestion. In addition to cod-liver oil, Scott's Emulsion contains hypophosphites and glycerine, and we have no hesitation in saying that Scott's Emulsion is in every way more advantageous than any other form of cod-liver oil. The sweet taste alone of Scott's Emulsion is enough to commend it to anybody.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending three pence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

A Slow Working Liver.

A Slow Working Liver

To Begin with, the Slow Working Liver

A Slow Working Liver has usually

So that a Slow Working Liver

Guy's Tonic acts on the Liver

is just like the working of rusty machinery, there is a friction everywhere and always. Nothing in the Body works easily and satisfactorily.

does not do its scavenging work properly; it fails to remove the whole of the dead Blood corpuscles and other worn out and effete matter sufficiently thoroughly. What is left behind breeds poison by decomposition, and the strength and purity of the Blood are lowered at once.

a thick resinous bile in the gall bladder, which is too thick to flow easily and smoothly out as it should do. The consequence is that the Intestines cannot properly digest food coming from the Stomach because of the lack of proper flow of Bile, and what is worse the Intestines become clogged for want of efficient Bile to fully act as Nature intends, as a cleansing purgative to free the System from waste and dead matter.

injures us both ways, and in other directions we cannot stop to talk about now. Get the Liver stimulated and in proper order by the use of Guy's Tonic, and the Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Complexion, Morbidity, Melancholy, Irritability, and lowered Blood strength and purity (all symptoms characteristic of a slow working Liver) will disappear speedily.

both by direct effect and constitutional influence. It helps Digestion and lessens the work thrown upon the Liver. It directly stimulates a flow of Bile from the Blood to the gall bladder. It makes this Bile easy to flow, and causes the gall bladder to more fully empty its contents of Bile. Hence all the working process of the Body following the use of Guy's Tonic are restored to a state of active efficiency, whilst the subtle tonic action exerted by Guy's tonic gradually restores the Liver itself to its normal power of working actively. The Symptoms then disappear, simply because Guy's Tonic has corrected the condition of a slow working Liver, that bred them.

We invite attention to the following Letter received from Mr. J. H. Kight, of Albert Street, Wednesbury, Staffordshire:

"Having suffered from severe Liver Complaint for the last three years, with Pains in the Back, and Mental depression, I have tried nearly everything without benefit, but after taking three doses of your Guy's Tonic the Pain in the back has entirely gone, and I feel as I have not done before for several years. I shall recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I go."

Liver Trouble and Indigestion.

Mrs. M. A. JACKSON writes from 8 Castle Villas, Lenton Boulevard, Nottingham:

"I am pleased to see the price of Guy's Tonic is reduced. I have found great benefit from it for Liver Trouble and Indigestion."

Congested Liver.

"Streatham Hall, Exeter. "I have been suffering for some time from Congested Liver, Dyspepsia, and Consequent Nervousness. I have taken two bottles of Guy's Tonic, and find it doing me a great deal of good. G. MUNSON."

Doctors recommend Guy's Tonic.

EDWIN H. STOUT, Esq., Manager of the Review of Reviews, "Mowbray House," Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., writes:

"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with advantage, and our Family Doctor frequently prescribes it as one of the best Tonics he can give."

Mrs. Hewson, of "Rokeby," Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill, S.W., writes:

"Guy's Tonic is the best medicine I take. My Doctor speaks very highly of Guy's Tonic, and often recommends it."

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of Simple Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent Results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists' and Stores.

L-E-M-C-O.

People have long been confused by the variety of Liebig's Extracts there are for sale. They think all come from the Liebig Company. They do not—ONLY one kind, viz., that signed J. v. Liebig in blue, and certified by Justus von Liebig and his successors. This is the original brand—the brand largely advertised. To distinguish it from all others, it will now bear on the top and bottom and back of each jar a new label, with the initials of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company—Lemco.

LIEBIG
COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

Signed

Justus von Liebig

in BLUE.

COURT OF APPEAL.

"HAS the bicycle ever been used by insane people?" asks B. G. "Would not this kind of exercise be beneficial?"—Well, B. G., there are some unkind anti-cycling individuals who maintain that the exercise is conducive to insanity rather than the reverse; they point to the man whom they see flying along a country road with his face almost touching the handle-bar, and say that no sane person would call that a healthy exercise. But, as a matter of fact, the curative effects of cycling have been tried in France with good results for the insane, the great difficulty, however, being that it is rather an arduous task to watch and keep guard over four or five mad cyclists at one time on the open road. Where an asylum has a large piece of ground attached the case is naturally very different, but then it becomes questionable whether cycling within such narrow limits has the same beneficial results.

SEVERAL correspondents have been good enough to point out to me, in reference to the surname Clerk, that there are a few instances of persons bearing this name.

THE other evening I wrote a private letter at home on my typewriter," says S. M., "and I happened to sign it with a pen in the ordinary way in the presence of my wife. She at once exclaimed that it was quite a 'millionaire's signature.' Now it happens that I have recently accepted a position in which I have to endorse and countersign cheques and documents, and on comparing my present signature with my autograph of a year ago I find that it is bolder and more intricate. Is there any explanation for this?"

People's signatures are very often quite distinctive of the positions they occupy or of their social standing. A man accustomed to signing cheques and documents gradually gets into the way of writing his name in a style that is difficult to imitate, while he who has to conduct a business or a large department of a big firm will assume a bold form of autograph that betokens power and assurance. Those who acquire celebrity in the liberal arts usually have a very cramped signature. There are some hotel clerks who "take a man's measure" by the way in which he signs his name, and will prepare for him a room in accordance with either his means or his tastes as they deduce them from his signature.

T. G.—It would seem that our "tight little island" is not so tight as we imagine. The well-known Professor Milne has stated that on two days in the early part of September last, when there was considerable weather disturbance, this island of ours was moving for hours at a time like a raft on an ocean. Yet it is to be observed that such a motion on the part of an individual would entitle him to be regarded as "tight."

REFERRING to a recent paragraph on this page concerning the detection of counterfeit bank notes, two methods of distinguishing the real from the false have been communicated to me by readers of this page. P. B. tells me that all the "full stops" on a bank note are round except one, which is three-cornered; and whenever a note is handed to him by a customer he takes care to see that it has this three-cornered fullstop. Should all these dots be round, he would decline to accept the note. S. A. II. says that a banker once pointed out to him that a genuine £5 note has a little white line or notch in the back of the word "Five" in old style characters which we see at the bottom of the left-hand corner of the crisp representation of five sovereigns. Counterfeit notes frequently do not have this. S. P. L. also writes: "An infallible way to test the genuineness of a French banknote is as follows: Take a silver coin and draw a line with the rim thereof on the white portion not engraved at the back. This line will become instantly black as if made with a lead pencil, whereas should the note be spurious a mark thus made with a coin would simply leave an indentation without any trace at all, as if on ordinary white paper."

M. P. asks me if I can give him any instance of a war scare having been caused by an earthquake.

—Here are two instances for you. In 1888 Australia was cut off from the outside world for several days, owing to a breakdown of cables caused by an earthquake in Java. Not knowing the cause of the accident, our Australian cousins became somewhat alarmed, and the result was that the naval and military reserves were called up. In 1890 a similar thing occurred, owing to the simultaneous breakdown of three cables through earth tremours, and once more Australia was seized with panic for a few days.

WHICH nation has the finest ambassadorial residence in London?" so asks E. F. The representative of the French Republic presides over the most commodious embassy in London, and when the extension, now being made, is completed, there is not much doubt that this will be the finest. The French Embassy at Albert Gate was originally built by Hudson, the Railway King, and was an embodiment of his idea of what the town mansion of a commercial potentate should be. It has a splendid staircase, and its reception-rooms can scarcely be beaten by any in the Metropolis.

C. W. wishes to know why butchers use such terms as "weigh here at 6s. 8d." "When I have bought a joint outside, the salesman throws it through the open front to the weigher, and instead of telling him that the meat had been sold at 10d. per pound, he tells the man inside to weigh it up at 6s. 8d. It seems to me that this lends itself to fraud, for I do not know the connection between 10d. and 6s. 8d., and it is almost impossible for me to check the weight because the expert shopman dashes the weights on the scales and has the meat almost wrapped up before I know where I am."

Butchers, like other tradesmen, use their technical terms when talking to each other; they calculate the price of meat at so much per stone of eight pounds, and when you know this it is easy to see whether you are being defrauded. As to the weighing up, you can hardly expect the butcher's assistant to take two minutes over a job that he can do in two seconds, and as he tells you the weight and you know the price at which you purchase, you can always check the amount charged, even if you do it when you get home. But the chances of fraud on the part of meat salesmen are not great, as most people have scales in their kitchens; only low-class tradesmen would make the attempt.

L. C.—The best recipe for preserving the complexion and good looks is to cultivate an equable disposition. It is an acknowledged fact that anger makes the skin coarse, while those features which can be altered—such as the lips and eyes—are rendered unlovely by giving way to fits of temper. Jealousy and envy, which are forms of what we usually call "temper," are the largest manufacturers of wrinkles, which make even a beautiful face ugly. Another fact which goes to prove that beauty is really dependent upon disposition is that people who are plain are often said by those who know them to be "passably good-looking," much to the surprise of the stranger who hears it; this is simply because, in very many cases, the plain person has been compensated by Nature's giving him or her more than the ordinary share of sweetness and gentleness.

H. H.—The custom of leading the horse of a deceased officer behind the gun-carriage in the funeral procession is said to be a relic of the old custom of sacrificing the charger by the graveside of the dead owner. The last time that a "horse sacrifice" was carried out was in 1781, when the cavalry General Kasimer, Commander of Lorraine in the Order of Teutonic Knights, was buried at Treves.

"It would be a very good thing," in the opinion of REXER, "if business men and others who work with their brains were to school themselves to the point of throwing aside all thoughts of their work during lunchtime. Don't you think so?"—There is no doubt that the continual preoccupation of the mind with business matter during meal times is injurious; it prevents the proper action of the digestive organs, and the brain itself is deprived of the rest it certainly needs. When we have a particularly worrying matter on hand, or are deeply engrossed in an attempt to solve some intricate question, it is a difficult thing to throw aside all thought of it, and give the brain a rest; but those who have obtained sufficient mastery over themselves to do this, reap considerable benefit. I am acquainted with a business man who, no matter upon what he is engaged, leaves it immediately the clock strikes one and goes out to lunch, shutting from his mind for one solid hour everything connected with his work; when he returns to his office, the problem that was perplexing him at one o'clock has become comparatively easy.

"How should we describe jealousy?" asks D. M. "Is it a species of madness, or is it a disease?"

—I regard it as a mixture of both. Some medical men assert that it is due to a badly-nourished brain, and one suggests that if you have to deal with a jealous individual, the best thing to do is to ask him to partake of a meal composed of nutritive foods; you will soon find, says the doctor in question, that the jealous man who looked as if he would like to kill you, will talk to you very rationally. Jealousy arises from doubt and suspicion, and when the brain is in a poor condition we are all apt to entertain doubts. This condition is akin to that experienced by everyone when they are "run down"; they see everything on the gloomy side, just as the jealous man sees in every action of his beloved that is not directed to himself, an indication that her affection is on the wane.

L. G. tells me that he has been the victim of a fraud in connection with the war. "No one," he says, "likes to be had, but to be cheated in the way I was is enough to make a fellow too mad for anything." It seems that as he was walking to a suburban railway station the other morning, reading his paper, he was accosted by an elderly man who asked to be allowed to look at the list of killed and wounded; when the man had scanned the list, he uttered a cry of grief and, pointing to one of the names among the killed, he said that he had lost his son. He burst into tears, declaring that his wife's heart would be broken when she received the news, as she was an invalid. L. G., moved to compassion, gave the man half a crown. When he reached the office and told a

colleague of the incident, he was surprised to find that a similar incident had occurred to him on the publication of the list of casualties at the preceding battle. He has now no doubt that it was a fraud.

The fraud is an old one, and has been practised during the course of several of our little wars of recent years, and it is even said to have been in vogue after the battle of Waterloo. Generally speaking, it is a form of deceit that would not succeed, for a man who really has a son at the front, especially in these days of cheap newspapers, would either buy a paper or go to the local newsagent early in the morning and ask to be allowed to look at the list; but at a time when the hearts of every man and woman in this country are full of sympathy for the relatives of those brave fellows who have fallen, the fraud is most likely to be successful, and my readers should be careful how they act.

J. B. T. wishes me to decide a little dispute that has arisen between a fellow clerk and himself. The other fellow says that iron boats were in use more than a century ago, but as he cannot give details, J. B. T. declines to accept the statement.—Iron boats were used on the canals of England nearly a century and a half ago. The first one was constructed in 1750 by John Wilkinson, of Carlisle, Lancashire, and used by him on a short canal which he had caused to be cut so that he might the more easily transport to his smelting works the peat which he used for fuel. The boat was a source of wonder for some time, as people could hardly believe that an iron boat could be made to float; but before long he received orders for other canal boats made of iron, and constructed a goodly number of them.

T. N. writes thus: "In your last issue you tell us how to pronounce Boer names, but there is one name constantly before us in connection with the struggle in South Africa, which very few people know how to pronounce, although it is a British name. How do you say Methuen?"—The correct pronunciation of the name is Meth-ven. The way in which the name is spelt is a relic of the days when the character *u* had to do duty for both *u* and *v*, just as one character had to do duty for *i* and *j*. The Methuens of Corham are descended from the Barons of the place, now spelt Methven in Strathmore; the first Baron came from Hungary to England with Edgar Atheling, but fearing that William the Conqueror was conspiring against him, he fled to Scotland, where he was well received by King Malcolm Canmore, who gave him the Barony of Methuen.

SOME of the suggestions submitted in connection with the Great Servant Problem appear on page 442, and they certainly show that mistresses have long been evolving theories in their own mind for improving the condition of affairs. One suggestion—that of the winner—is particularly good, and I am offering a further gift to the reader who best elaborates it and makes it practicable.

J. S. T. writes: "In war telegrams and in other items of war news from the front, one often comes across the phrase 'Rimington's Guides.' Who are they?"—They are a body of irregulars, officially designated "cavalry units of irregulars." The corps is under the command of Major Rimington, who is also gazetted second in command of the Inniskilling Dragoons, but at the present time is on special service in South Africa. Their duty is to both guide and scout, since the men composing the body are thoroughly well acquainted with every part of the affected districts where hostilities are raging. It is curious to know that the formation of Rimington's Guides was not suggested to or by the War Office; it was suggested locally. The corps does not act as one body, but are split up into detachments and sent where required. Like other irregular corps, Rimington's Guides are under the command directly of the General Officer Commanding. The guides are Afrianders and Anglo-South Africans.

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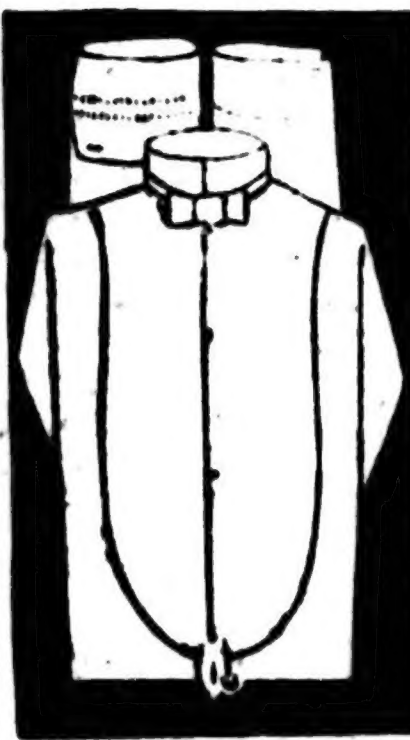
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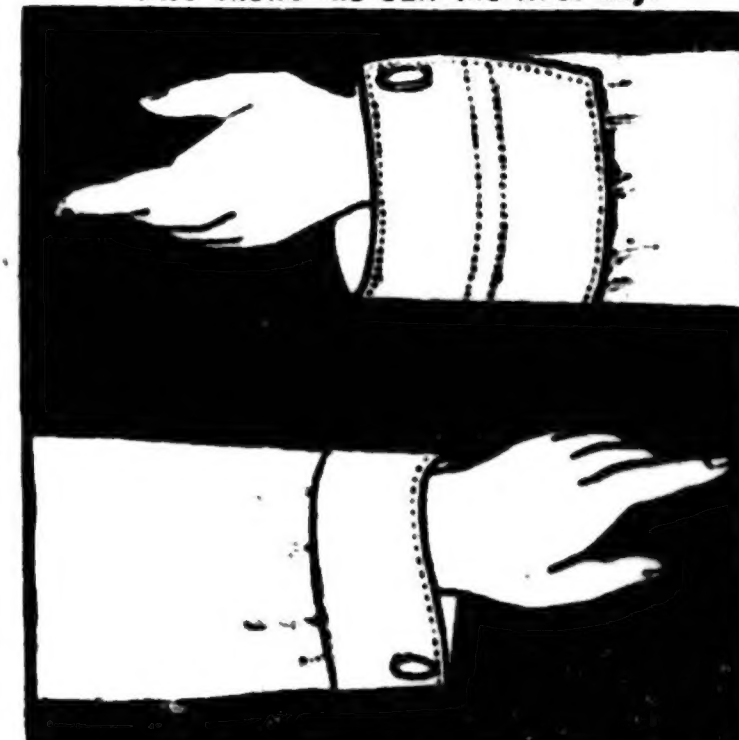
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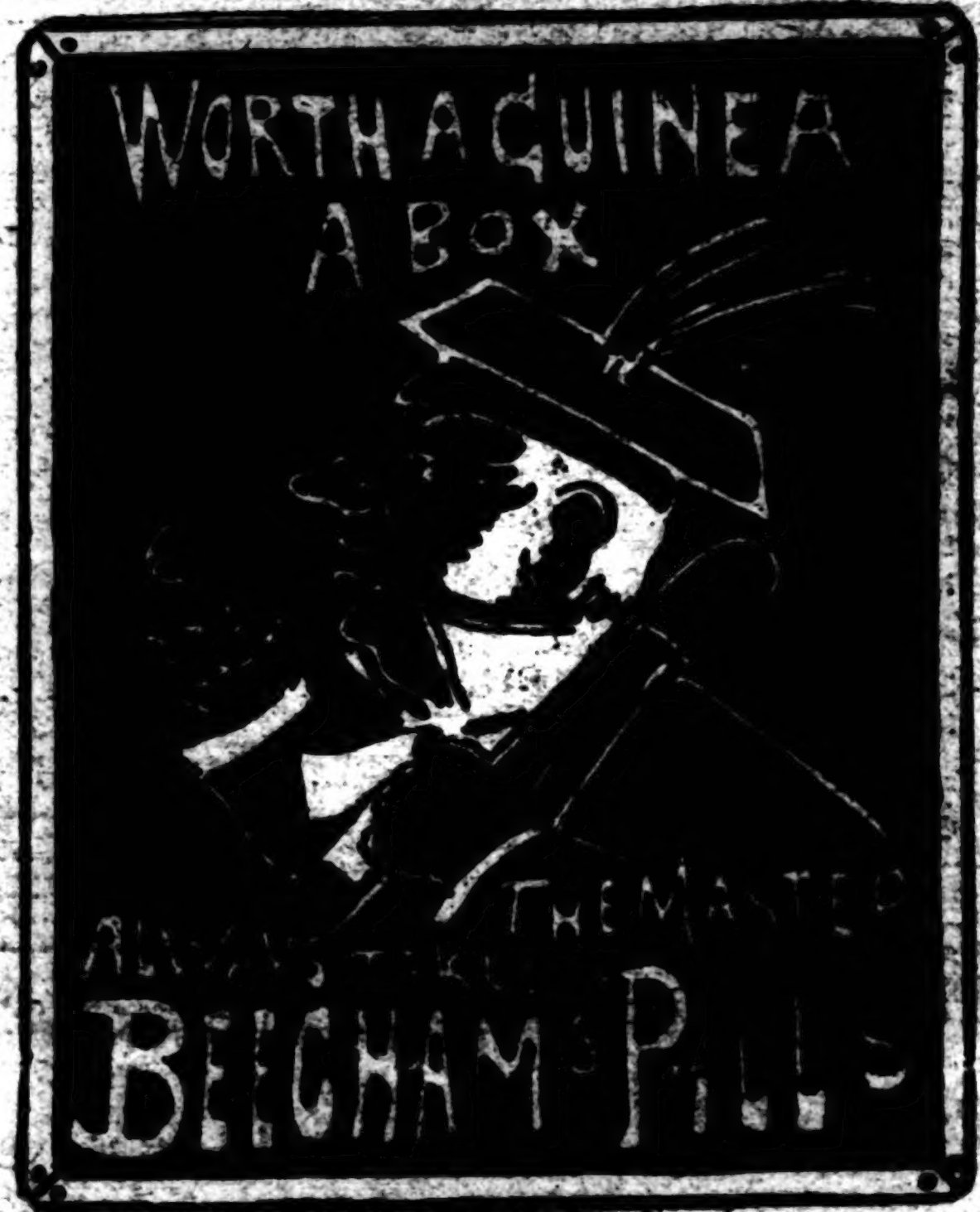
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